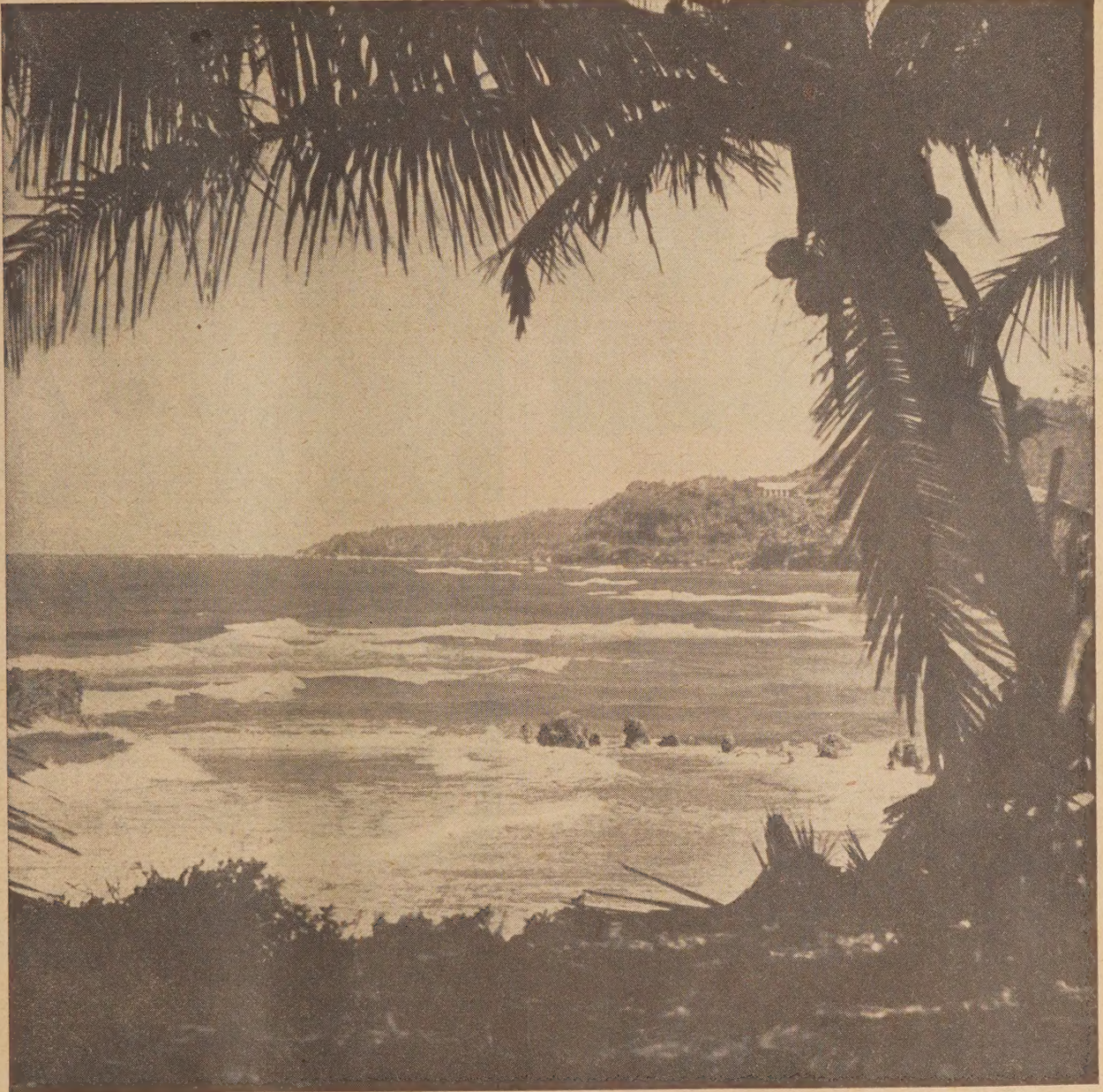


The Listener

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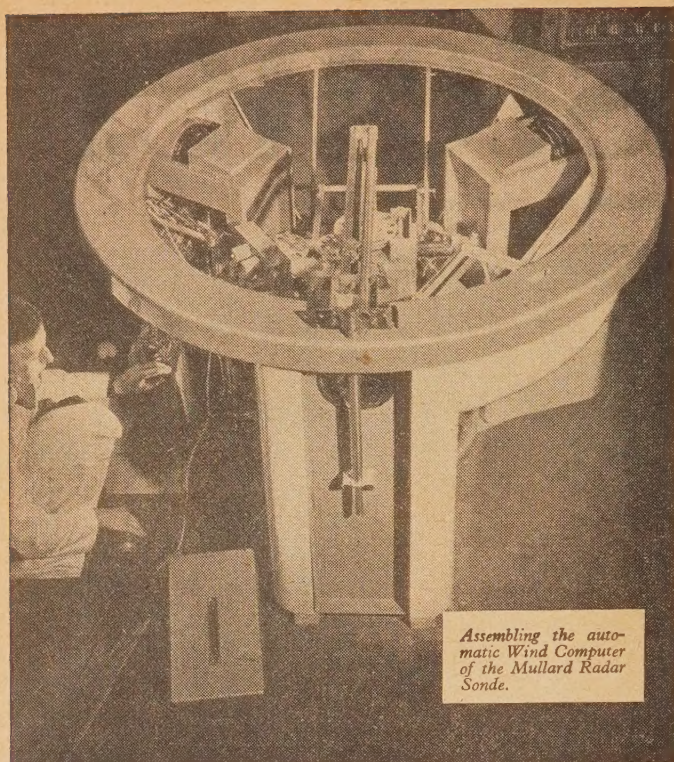
A scene off the north coast of Jamaica. The Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh leave Jamaica this week in the *Gothic* on their tour of the Commonwealth

In this number:

Science as Action: Rutherford's World (J. Robert Oppenheimer)

The Man and the Manager (Christopher Salmon)

What Russian Children Read (Helen Rapp)



Assembling the automatic Wind Computer of the Mullard Radar Sonde.

PROGRESS IN ELECTRONICS

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The Listener

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Germany Seeks Independence

By DOUGLAS STUART, B.B.C. correspondent in western Germany

THIS year the people of both eastern and western Germany have clearly shown that they stand on the side of the free world in the struggle against communism. In the east they did it with sticks and stones; in the west they did it with ballot papers. I was in Berlin on June 17, the day of the insurrection throughout the Soviet occupation zone, and I saw the great crowds of working men and women marching through the streets defying the Russian tanks and calling for the resignation of their communist-dominated puppet government.

Not quite three months later the people of the Federal Republic made a similar gesture. In the second German general election since Hitler seized power twenty years ago, they eliminated all extremist groups, both communist and neo-nazi, from political life. They returned their seventy-seven-year-old Chancellor, Dr. Adenauer, to power with a greatly increased majority in the Lower House of the Federal Parliament. At the same time the Social Democrats, the party which has consistently opposed Dr. Adenauer's policies at home and abroad, increased their poll by 1,000,000 votes. In other words, after the general election in the Federal Republic, Government and Opposition were reduced to those who stand either slightly to the right or slightly to the left of centre.

But, as so often happens in political life, the people of Germany did not secure a clear-cut victory, either on the streets of east Berlin or in the voting booths of the Federal Republic. Today the east Germans are perhaps even worse off than they were before their desperate protest against communist tyranny. In western Germany nobody is worse off after the election, but then nobody is better off. Legally, the Federal Republic is still under Allied occupation; there is no hopeful sign so far about Russia's attitude to German reunification; the integration of western Germany within a European community still depends on the vote of the French parliament.

A German official remarked recently to me in Bonn: 'The three great foreign policy problems facing the Federal Republic are still unsolved'. These are, as Dr. Adenauer himself defined them, independence, unification, and integration. Speaking to parliament after his re-election as Chancellor, he added: 'The German people, who have done everything to clear the way for the ratification of the European integration agreements, will not understand if they are not at last to enjoy the status of independence'. On this question of independence Dr. Adenauer has the support, not only of his own four-party coalition but also of the opposition Social Democrats. Speaking in the parliamentary debate on the Chancellor's policy statement, Herr Ollenhauer, the leader of the Social Democrats, promised his party's backing for any government attempt to secure full sovereignty for western Germany. The opposition, he said, is unreservedly in favour of the immediate lifting of the Occupation Statute and of breaking the link binding the agreements with the Western Powers and the European Defence Treaty. These pacts cannot come into force separately; they make German independence and sovereignty dependent on a German contribution to western defence.

Behind this full-throated demand for immediate independence lies the fear that France will continue indefinitely to postpone ratification of the European Defence Treaty and the agreements with the west. Government and opposition parties alike are growing more and more impatient over the French attitude. For example, they consider it grossly unfair that the French Government should insist upon a favourable solution of the Saar problem before ratifying the western agreements. All parties in the Federal Parliament declare that the Saar is a part of Germany. They refuse to accept the loss of this territory as the price for French agreement to German sovereignty and to German rearmament within the proposed defence community. With the exception of the Chancellor, Dr. Adenauer, neither German politicians

nor newspapers of whatever party are prepared to take into account the French point of view. They are unwilling or unable to see that the French are being asked to sacrifice their national army and, to some extent, their sovereignty, for an alliance with a former enemy, whose change of heart, to the French way of thinking, is still problematical.

In western Germany the problem is viewed in much simpler terms. The basic premise, put forward time and again by the Chancellor, is that the main threat to world peace is no longer an aggressive Germany but imperialist communist Russia. The Germans, so the argument continues, have shown that they are anti-communist almost to a man, they are willing to sacrifice to some extent their wish for ultimate sovereignty in the cause of European integration, in an effort to secure the west against a possible Russian attack. They have signed treaties to bring this European union into being, and, alone among the other signatories, they have taken all the necessary parliamentary steps to put these treaties into effect. Why then, the Germans ask, should there be any further delay? To this rhetorical question, all west German political parties answer—there must be no further delay.

Herr Ollenhauer's Offer

Impatience for independence and the fact of their crushing defeat in the general election last September have caused Social Democrats to change the emphasis of their political programme. No longer are they prepared to oppose the external and internal policies of Dr. Adenauer as a matter of principle. On the contrary, Herr Ollenhauer has offered to co-operate with the Federal Government in the field of foreign policy, on certain conditions. These are, that the Chancellor should keep the opposition continuously informed of all steps he intends to take in foreign affairs; secondly, he must take Social Democrats with him to international conferences. At the same time, Herr Ollenhauer has reiterated his continued opposition to the defence community treaty, and has proposed an alternative solution designed to obtain German independence and security. This is the entry of a free and united Germany into the United Nations, sponsored by the four Great Powers.

At home there has also been a transformation of Social Democrat thinking since their election defeat. One of the principal members of the party, Herr Carlo Schmidt, has stated that the Social Democrats no longer intended to nationalise all industries when they come to power. On the contrary, he continued, the Social Democrats support the small business man against the large enterprises. The targets for nationalisation, he said, are only coal, steel, and chemicals. Both Herr Schmidt and Herr Ollenhauer have called on their supporters to discard old marxist slogans and to realise that the principles of free enterprise and public ownership are not incompatible in a modern state. These views are not so far removed from those held by many on the left of Dr. Adenauer's right-wing coalition.

What in fact appears to be happening in the Federal Republic since the general election, as several newspapers have noted, is that German political opinion is gradually aligning itself on the centre. I found this new trend exemplified in the state election in Hamburg at the beginning of this month. The city of Hamburg, the largest in western Germany, is also one of the nine states which together form the Federal Republic. Within two months of the general election the citizens of Hamburg were again asked to go to the polls. This time they had to elect a new State Parliament. The election aroused great interest throughout western Germany. In the first place, it was felt that the election would show whether Dr. Adenauer and his Coalition Parties still maintained their pre-eminence in the view of the Hamburg voters. At the general election, these parties secured 180,000 votes more than their Social Democrat opponents. This was a surprise, since Hamburg has been a traditional stronghold of the Social Democrats for half a century. Secondly, the election was to decide whether Dr. Adenauer could secure a two-thirds majority in the Upper House of the Federal Parliament. If the Social Democrats were defeated, then Hamburg's vote in the Upper House would be cast on the side of the Coalition Parties. This would give the Chancellor the means to alter the Federal Republic's constitution, if this proves necessary to obtain German rearmament within the framework of the proposed Defence Community. Dr. Adenauer obtained his two-thirds majority in the Lower House, after the victory of his Coalition at the general election.

It is a matter of history now that the Coalition Parties won the Hamburg election. But their victory was by the narrow margin of four seats and less than 50,000 votes. In other words, the people of Hamburg gave the Chancellor the votes he needs in the Upper House of the Federal Parliament, so that he can carry out his foreign policy

unimpeded. At the same time they paid tribute to the Social Democrats for all that they have done in the post-war years to help forward the reconstruction of the city.

After the election, I went from Hamburg to Berlin. It was a startling transformation of scene and atmosphere. From the top of St. Michael's church by the side of the river Elbe in Hamburg, I looked into Russian-occupied eastern Germany some thirty miles away. But for the average citizen of Hamburg, Russians and communism are but one of the many topics of possible conversation. In Berlin, where I can go at any time into the eastern sector of the city through a check point manned by German police in Russian uniforms, there is no other topic. Here is one of the main differences between the two Germanies. To the politicians and the people of the Federal Republic, the problem of German unification is a political matter, which they hope can be eventually solved by four-power agreement. To the people of eastern Germany, however, it is the perpetual immediate concern. In the five months that have elapsed since the uprising in June, the communist authorities in the Russian zone have revenged themselves on the workers and peasants alleged to have participated in the insurrection. Official estimates speak of between 6,000 and 8,000 people arrested and imprisoned. Most of these are still in gaol, awaiting trial. In 300 cases, however, the east German press has published details of the sentences passed on alleged ringleaders. Five people were executed, and fifteen condemned to life imprisonment. The remainder received an average prison sentence of four years.

The arrests and the trials are continuing, but it would appear that the will to resistance among eastern Germany's 18,000,000 inhabitants has not been completely crushed. Writing in *Neues Deutschland*, the official newspaper of the communist-dominated Socialist Unity Party, a high official of the People's Police admitted that isolated acts of violence and sabotage are still occurring throughout the Russian zone. Allied officials in west Berlin, however, have no evidence to support theories that there is a large-scale revolt in progress in eastern Germany. Harsh police measures are perhaps not the only reason for the elimination of mass resistance in eastern Germany. The communist authorities have given the people a little more to make life bearable in the economic sphere. But, at the same time, they have increased hours of work in relation to wages to the point where this policy produced the explosion last June. On the whole, therefore, both west German and Allied officials are convinced that neither the Russians nor their communist puppets have regained any of the ground they lost five months ago. I myself watched the huge Russian cars driving through the crowds in east Berlin to a mass meeting held to commemorate the memory of the Russian Revolution. There was not a clap nor a cheer; only the harsh shouts of the armed police, clearing the way for the bosses to get through.

The people of divided Germany are anti-communist. But in the west, they are thinking first of independence; in the east, they think only of liberation.—*General Overseas Service*

CHRISTMAS BOOK NUMBER

THE LISTENER next week will include reviews of the following books:

- The Letters of Sydney Smith. Edited by Nowell C. Smith
Reviewed by William Plomer
- Hatred, Ridicule, or Contempt. By Joseph Dean
Reviewed by A. L. Goodhart
- The Homosexual Outlook. By Donald Webster Cory
Reviewed by Kenneth Walker
- Baudelaire. By Martin Turnell
Reviewed by Peter Quennell
- Horned Moon. By Ian Stephens
Reviewed by Guy Wint
- Humorous Books
Reviewed by Paul Dehn

and reviews of other new books

Loyalties and Hopes in the British Caribbean

By THEODORE SEALY

WHEN Her Majesty Queen Elizabeth II sets foot on Jamaican soil in the world-famous resort of Montego Bay* she will be received by the Governor of Jamaica. But, even more important, she will be received by the people's leaders of the British Caribbean who will be assembled there to greet their sovereign.

What manner of people are these folk of the Caribbean? And what are the territories they come from? The people are some 3,000,000 in number, and it can be said that their outstanding characteristics are that they are predominantly Negro or Asiatic; that they are almost entirely subject to poverty; that spiritually they are groping for self-respect through political self-determination, from which they expect some improvement in their economic conditions. But, despite these adversities and stresses, they are in general a cheerful, smiling, hospitable people, much given to emotional religion and to song. Both in worship and in recreation they show that hardship has not mastered their spirit. They are confused by complexes arising from their history, for they are a people whose origins were in the slave ship or the indenture contract. Yet they are building a zone of social conscience which is perhaps unequalled in the world in its tolerance on racial and religious issues. Resentment smoulders, but it is easily overcome by genuine friendliness: hope is constant, although the people's lives seem hopeless to anyone less accustomed to the widespread poverty. All in all they are a congregation of peoples whose general characteristics suggest that they are worthy of a future better than their past or their present.

And what are the territories themselves? Starting in the west, in Central America just south of Mexico, is British Honduras whose wild forests no longer yield the income from abundant mahogany and chicle, and whose lands require millions of pounds to bring them into agricultural production. Her chief city and her swamps betoken a stagnation which, over the decades, has spread largely into the economic, political, and social life of the community. But an awakening consciousness is now combating both the hard economic circumstances and the pressures of those who would sell the British birthright of this territory for the benefit of external influences.

Eastward by four hours' flight is Jamaica, with nearly 1,500,000 people, nearly one half of the population of the whole region—a land of towering mountains, wild upper valleys, fertile plains, magical vistas; the land of the banana and bauxite, of the sugar cane, of rum and fruit and allspice; yet a land of hardship. Still further east, a whole chain of islands swing in an arc eastward and southward to southernmost Trinidad, and across the sea on the South American mainland is British Guiana, that troubled land with its vast unexplored hinterland and its dense rain-forest, with its gold and bauxite and endless fields of cane and rice. In all the islands, sugar is the major agricultural enterprise, sometimes the only one—though here and there is grown

cotton or cocoa or the nutmeg. But in Trinidad oil and asphalt have produced probably the highest national income level in the whole British Caribbean.

These islands, widely separated, lacking in proper shipping, and with merely rudimentary air services, are made in one common geographical and political entity only by their British connection and by a tendency to develop similar or comparable social systems. These peoples and territories, in fact, have in common only the British way of life, poverty, and the sugar cane, and intense nationalistic and political aspiration. It is to these people that Her Majesty now comes on this visit. Throughout the length and breadth of the British Caribbean there was and is a deep loyalty to the British connection, and love and affection for the person of our gracious sovereign.

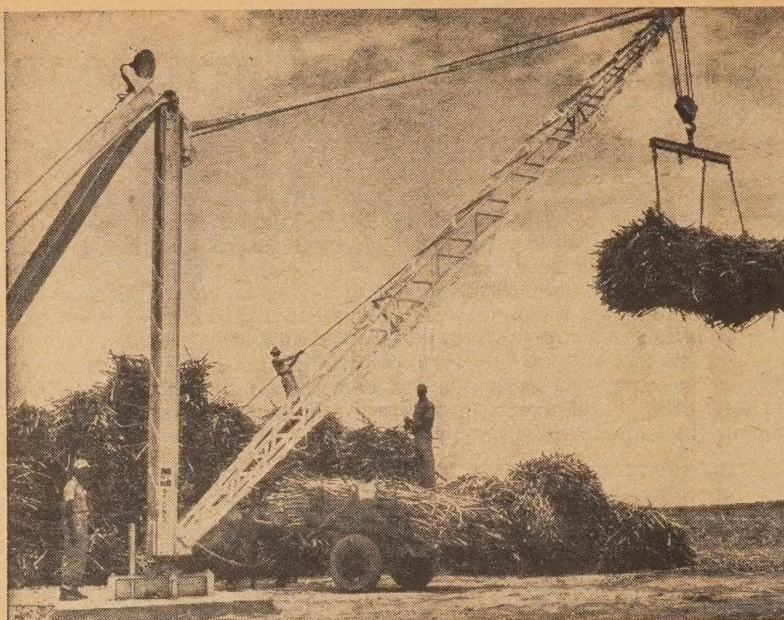
But out of life, and the hardness of it, comes the problem of how to adjust loyalty to dissatisfaction, how to marry political aspiration with good reasoning and rational progress. All this makes it obvious that the outstanding issues are economic and political ones. A verdict on British Guiana is to be given soon by a commission of enquiry, but it is plain to all West Indian leaders of stature that the interest not only of British Guiana but of the whole area has been prejudiced, if not undermined, by the actions and activities of the recently deposed political leaders of British Guiana. At last the peoples of British Guiana, through their leaders, had been given the supreme test and chance

of fuller participation in achieving both economic improvement and a better distribution of wealth in their country. They neglected the main task—in my view, for wholly ill-considered purposes.

But British Guiana will again put her will into the work. She has potential resources which can give her as good a certainty as any people in the Caribbean can have of raising her economic and social condition. If they, with such abundant wealth—however difficult of access it is now—fail in this work, what hope can there be for the other territories who are pressed with crowded populations, and short of land? Indeed, in many respects the vast open spaces of British Guiana and British Honduras have caught the imagination of the people in Barbados and Jamaica where the pressure of population on land is so great. The various experts who have investigated the possibility of developing those mainland territories have been efficient but unimaginative. And so alongside the political enquiry into the problems of British Guiana and the appraisal of the political situation in British Honduras we need bold concepts and new thinking in order to hold out prospects of prosperity through hard work, and in order to give the rest of the Caribbean peoples a share in exploring and expanding the wealth of those territories.

The West Indian territories are being asked to federate, but while some agreement has been reached on paper there are signs that very little progress has actually been made in this. The territorial governments who have unbalanced budgets can hardly consider in practical terms





Harvesting two of Jamaica's natural resources: above, loading sugar-cane; right, cutting bananas

taking on the additional cost of a federal government. There is little possibility of mutual trade between the islands. Some of those leaders who were originally in the forefront of the movement for federation reject both the spirit and letter of federation by their attitude towards citizens of other territories in the British Caribbean. Immigration barriers are increasing between the respective territories. I think, therefore, that the impetus of federation can be given only by introducing some new dynamic. It looks as if greater energy, direction, and responsibility for federal status can come only from Britain itself until leadership in the West Indies is sufficiently stirred by its possibilities.

Yet federation is necessary not only to provide overall regional leadership, but also because, in my view, individual self-government in the territories, without federation, tends to threaten the security of justice according to law. In some cases there is danger that the distinction between the police and the political machine may be lost—that the police and the army may be used to strengthen the political machine and oppress its opponents. One of the safeguards against such a tendency would be a central federal agency whose institutions would maintain the freedom of the citizen against political persecution. A federal government can preserve those freedoms, but I myself am not so con-

fident that they would be preserved in each territory of the British Caribbean if self-government were set up without it.

But whatever is done in the political field, there remains the overriding question of the backward economic status of these peoples. In this same year of the Queen's visit, our missions are discussing sugar prices in Great Britain. All British Caribbean political movements are rooted in the trade union movement. In nearly all territories the controlling factor in wages is the sugar industry and, specifically, the price of sugar. Consequently, any decision as to price which will mean either holding wages at the present levels or reducing wages, can mean economic, political and social disharmony or disaster in these territories. I am not concerned here to argue the case for the price of sugar; I am merely pointing out the deep implications behind it. Throughout these years of war and cold war, the peoples of the West Indies have had to pay higher prices for all they import. They can exercise no influence on the prices they have to pay for the basic requirements of life from abroad: yet the prices at which they sell are outside their own arbitrament. It has to be acknowledged that the prices of commodities in the world are not fixed compassionately in relation to the needs of the people who grow or produce them. But in this special area of backwardness and hardship the price paid for the people's produce has to be considered, if stability is to be assured and if progress is to continue.

The responsibility of leadership throughout the territories has been increasing. Ministers have gained experience and are showing vision—in spite of mistakes, which have been exposed and happily dealt with. But the slow process of political education needs to be assisted by special measures which can improve economic conditions and which can help the people to meet the challenge of the future.—*From a talk in the Home Service*



Britain's Trade with South Asia

By GEOFFREY TYSON

WHEN people think of the changed pattern of British trade since the war, they usually have in mind the difficulties we now face in earning enough hard currencies to pay our way in the world. Another change in the pattern of trade has been the disappearance behind the bamboo curtain of the communist empire of Mao Tse-tung. This has meant that we have lost a large and prosperous sector of international trade in the Far East—an area in which British enterprise played an outstanding role.

I want here, however, to discuss not the dollar problem and not the vanished China trade, but the new conditions which confront foreign investment and enterprise in south Asia. By that I mean mainly India, Pakistan, and Burma. The history, composition, and economic development of these countries is somewhat different from the Far East and quite different from the colonial empire in Africa, for instance. There was a degree of sophistication in south Asia and a long tradition of small-scale commerce which does not exist amongst the socially backward peoples of the colonial empire.

I have spent a good part of my working life in south Asia as a financial journalist, and for some years was the representative of a British commercial constituency in the former Central Legislative Assembly of India. So I have had an opportunity to observe conditions both under the old British regime, which by the nineteen-twenties had begun to develop a sort of trustee approach to the economic problems of its south-Asian dependencies, and in the new states, which by the time they acquired their political freedom had achieved a good deal of economic independence. I would emphasise that though there are changed conditions in south Asia to which foreign enterprise must willy-nilly adapt itself, they are not the result of some revolutionary economic upheaval whereby the foreign trader or industrialist suddenly found himself confronted overnight with a new economic order. On the contrary, when they achieved independence these countries recognised the value of British and other foreign traders among them. They decided that, by and large, the foreign industrialist, merchant, or banker helped to integrate their trade with world markets, was a good employer, a

good tax-payer, and in other ways a useful citizen to have around the place. Subject to some important reservations, they are still of much the same opinion.

Commercial and industrial enterprise in south Asia, in its modern form, was pioneered and built up by us. For good or for ill the consequences of our own nineteenth-century industrial revolution were carried into south Asia. It was we who brought them the achievements of the machine age. Steam, and later electric supply, revolutionised transport and motive power. Mass production methods discomfited the local handicraft. With the single exception of steel, all the great manufacturing industries of south Asia—textile, extractive, and plantation—were started by British enterprise. And for most of the period which I am discussing they were predominantly British in ownership and management.

Modern Financial Techniques

Along with these physical skills, we brought modern financial techniques. The device of the joint-stock company, the international bill of exchange, shipping services, and insurance facilities were made available to south Asia as its trade expanded. Easy access to London, which was then the world's chief money market, meant that private investment capital was never lacking for a worth-while project. Oddly enough, in spite of the rapid conquest of other kinds of 'know-how', India—much the most advanced country in the area—never developed anything like the specialised institutions in the City of London—those institutions whose business it is to bring the private investor and public investment together. So that the sharp fall in their intake of foreign capital since 1947 has left a serious gap in the resources available to privately-owned industry.

But why has foreign private investment in south Asia fallen so sharply? And what hope is there that our share of it can pick up again? The fall is not merely due to the post-war economic difficulties of Britain, or to the disappearance of our earlier spirit of adventure. It is due also to the changed local conditions since these countries attained independence. By 1947 the long phase of British commercial expansion in south Asia had placed us in a privileged and exposed position. We were privileged because we had behind us the material assets, the knowledge, and the close and friendly contacts that had accumulated in these south Asian countries as a result of a commercial connection stretching back a century and a half; we were exposed because we could no longer protect our position by making laws, and also because our trading position, in and with the three countries, was so clearly dominant that we might well have been the first target of any outbreak of xenophobic nationalism or sanctions in the economic sphere.

Neither the worst, nor anything approaching the worst, happened, largely because the new governments in south Asia were led by men who—though they may not see eye to eye with us in all matters—have regard for moral values and the sanctity of property and contract. Pandit Nehru may to some people be a baffling and complex personality, but he is at bottom a man of clear moral purposes.

Nevertheless, we must recognise, as I see it, two long-term forces, both of which impinge upon that kind of enterprise on which our own trading connection has been built. These two forces are, first, a steady pull in the direction of socialisation, and second, the growth of economic nationalism. On the face of it neither is calculated to stimulate foreign investment and enterprise in the country which adopts it. But, in case I sound alarmist, let me say the prospect is not as bad as it sounds. It seems most improbable that private investment—whether indigenous or foreign—will again go into new public utility services; though where the stake is already big and secure it will doubtless be willing to help finance further development of existing services. But, by and large, the governments of south Asia will in future have to find their own 'social overhead capital', as it is called. Likewise new foreign capital is unlikely to be forthcoming for the old basic industries. Their further expansion will be left to local enterprise—which is as the governments of south Asia would have it. To be acceptable, foreign investment should henceforth as a rule bring with it some new mechanical or engineering skill or process which the south Asians cannot develop unaided.

Socialisation is not socialism, and on the whole India and Pakistan have recognised their deficiencies in personnel and finance for large schemes of socialisation and have adopted a cautious, realistic attitude to the problem. So far they have resisted the temptation to extend state ownership into spheres where it is not wanted. In Burma, on

the contrary, there have been one or two most disastrous experiments in nationalisation. But as long as there is a shortage of investment capital—a condition which is common to each of the three countries which I have been discussing—it would seem that their governments will feel they must play an expanding role in raising productivity, either as proprietors of productive undertakings or as partners in them with private enterprise. Conversely, it can be argued that the more these governments concern themselves with private enterprise, the more difficult it becomes for such businesses to attract new investment. This represents the dilemma which confronts the planners in the type of mixed economy which is currently favoured in south Asia.

When I speak of economic nationalism in south Asia I do not mean quite the same thing as autarchy, or self-sufficiency, which is what we in the west usually understand by economic nationalism. In this sense self-sufficiency is a long way off in south Asia, if only because of the considerable leeway which remains to be made good by India, Pakistan, and Burma in technology and the higher industrial knowledge. What I now mean by economic nationalism is the strong temptation to excessive official supervision of all branches of commerce and industry. This weighs particularly heavily upon foreign traders. For example: country A proclaims its need of foreign investment and yet by taxation and other measures makes it most difficult for foreign capital to operate within its borders; country B wants to export more and yet will place heavy or irritating restrictions upon the activities of the sort of foreign firm which has international connections and which is in a position to find markets for its exports; country C desires a specific kind of import from a particular country, but insists that it must exclude everything else which the latter's traders want to sell it, and is surprised when it encounters resistance to its demands. For example, such a country, which is really short of food, may be demanding grain but refusing flour. There is a failure to see trade problems in the round and to realise that not all the world's commerce can be done on the basis of exchanging capital goods for primary products. Consumer goods must come in somewhere, as must facilities for the investment of development capital—at least if we are ever to even up those economic disparities of which the south Asian nations themselves complain so bitterly.

Six years of independence have revealed the broad economic policies which the south Asian countries intend to pursue. In the minds of the policy makers foreign enterprise and investment are inevitably linked with the past. And these ministers are specially sensitive to criticism in their own countries and suspicious of the supposedly superior bargaining power of the foreign trader and industrialist. They also want their own countries to extend their range of industrial processes; they complain that for too long they have been 'hewers of wood and drawers of water' for the west. It follows that we must expect south Asia to be more selective, more 'choosy', about foreign enterprise. But the 'choosiness' will not be all on one side. In the last analysis the foreign investor is the judge of the risk he will accept. Given the desire to raise living standards and diversify their economies by industrialisation, the south Asian countries may yet find themselves even shorter of development capital and know-how than they have reckoned. In which event it will not do to get too tough with the foreigner.

National Plans for Economic Development

Each of these countries has adopted a national plan for economic development. New investment or enterprise which fits into those plans, or clearly enters into the spirit of them, will obviously be preferred over other kinds. That, as a broad generalisation, would seem to be the key to the future—that and new ventures calculated to boost up the south Asian export trades upon which national solvency depends. Hitherto, perhaps, we have attached too little significance to planning and its importance in the scheme of things in south Asia. But these national plans represent the terms on which we can hope to maintain and increase our trade interests in that part of the world. They call for new thinking and new concepts. And if we do not come forward with them, it is to be feared that others will.—*Home Service*

The sixth *Yearbook of the United Nations* (Stationery Office, £4 10s. 0d.) contains an account of the many and varied activities of the organisation and its specialised agencies during 1952. The illustrated frontispiece gives the flags of the United Nations in colour, and there are charts showing the structure of the principal organs of the United Nations. In the political sphere the principal discussions of the year under review are centred on Korea, and a map of Korea is provided to illustrate the report on the military operations.

The Listener

All communications should be addressed to the Editor of THE LISTENER, Broadcasting House, London, W.1. The articles in THE LISTENER consist mainly of the scripts (in whole or part) of broadcast talks. Original contributions are not invited, with the exception of poems and short stories up to 3,000 words, which should be accompanied by stamped and addressed envelopes. The reproductions of talks do not necessarily correspond verbatim with the broadcast scripts. Yearly subscription rate (including postage) £1 sterling. Shorter periods pro rata. Subscriptions should be sent to B.B.C. Publications, 35 Marylebone High Street, London, W.1, or to usual agents

The Royal Tour

HERE are several unusual features about the Royal Tour of the Commonwealth. In its speed, duration, and scope it is unequalled in modern times. As Sir Winston Churchill says, this will be the first time a British sovereign has circumnavigated the globe. The Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh will, it is estimated, travel a distance of between 40,000 and 50,000 miles, they will be away from the United Kingdom for nearly six months, and they will cover part of their long tour, particularly in Australia and Africa, by air. All her subjects will wish Her Majesty and His Royal Highness good health and good luck during this arduous and exacting journey.

The fast aeroplane has made a real difference to Commonwealth relations. While, on the one hand, it has brought the nations which form the Commonwealth closer together, it is at the same time imposing increasing demands on rulers and statesmen. One cannot but be tempted to speculate whether if the fast aeroplane had been invented a generation ago, it might not have altered the history of the Commonwealth. After the war of 1914-1918 many statesmen of the Commonwealth were anxious for greater co-ordination of both the foreign and the economic policies of what was then called the British Commonwealth of Nations. The idea was mooted that either an imperial Cabinet or a regular imperial conference should be established. These institutions had existed and functioned with marked success both during the first German war and immediately afterwards. The fast aeroplane would certainly have permitted the regular holding of meetings between Prime Ministers not only in London but also in other parts of the Commonwealth. But, partly because it was found that the Prime Ministers could not spare the time for more than occasional attendances at imperial conferences, the proposal was dropped, and instead a compromise was reached on the subject of an imperial foreign policy. The compromise, however, almost immediately broke down, and soon the forces of nationalism virtually prevented any agreement or even full consultation over foreign policy being reached, so that the logic of independence in the field of diplomatic and military relations culminated in the conclusion of the recent Anzus agreement. It may well be that in an increasingly nationalistic world such a line of development was inevitable. Nevertheless the formation of an imperial Cabinet in time of peace would certainly have made a considerable impact on constitutional relations within the Commonwealth.

As it is, the fast aeroplane today has made members of the Commonwealth overseas expect, almost as of right, regular visits from persons of importance in this country. In a talk which we published in THE LISTENER a fortnight ago Mr. Rohan Rivett, an Australian journalist, stated that the Australians had been upset because neither the present Prime Minister nor the Leader of the Opposition had found time 'to spend a few hours longer in the air' in visiting Australia than was necessary for their other trips abroad. Now, at least, all our eyes and ears will be centred on Australia and the other parts of the Commonwealth being covered by the Royal Tour. A team of expert B.B.C. commentators will accompany and go ahead of the royal party. Films will be flown back to England and made available on the television screens only a few days after they have been taken. Though constitutional bonds are naturally somewhat looser than they were a generation ago, at all events we should be made conscious of that sense of fellowship that unites members of the Commonwealth wherever they may be, flying, carousing, or just getting on with their jobs.

What They Are Saying

France and the E.D.C.

THE FOREIGN POLICY debate in the French National Assembly was seized by Moscow commentators as an opportunity to stress France's opposition to ratifying the E.D.C., the danger to France and the rest of Europe of German remilitarisation, and the prospect of the Bermuda conference heightening rather than reducing world tension. Speaking on the eve of the debate in the French Assembly, a Soviet home broadcast spoke of the pressure being put on France by America and western Germany to take the 'fatal decision' of agreeing to the establishment of a European army. The text of the E.D.C. treaty, it said, had been drafted in such a way as to 'ensure the hegemony of the German armed forces in Europe'. The treaty would result in a complete loss of national independence by France and would 'establish the supremacy of German imperialism over the French nation'. However, the movement against ratification was growing: members of all parties had 'joined the masses of the ordinary workers in their protest'. The 'resistance' of the peoples of other countries of western Europe to the formation of a European army was emphasised in other Moscow broadcasts. Discussing Britain's attitude, an article in *Pravda* was quoted as saying:

No matter how artful the plans and calculation of London diplomacy are, they fail to take into account the obvious fact that the resurrection of German militarism and the complete political and economic subordination of the west European countries to the aggressive policy of American governing circles directly endangers peace and security in Europe and runs counter to Britain's national interests.

Other Moscow broadcasts stressed that the main items on the agenda at the Bermuda conference would be the re-militarisation of west Germany and that the conference was therefore in no way directed towards reducing international tension. A broadcast quoting *Trud* stated:

The Adenauer clique has one objective—the revival of the fascist Wehrmacht. Enjoying the full support of America, it is growing more insolent every hour, and today does not hesitate to talk to France in the language of threats and dictation. In fact, it is Adenauer who initiated the campaign of pressure and blackmail against France now being conducted by the reactionary press on both sides of the Atlantic.

The broadcast added that the policy of 'resurrecting German militarism' and the desire to include west Germany in the aggressive North Atlantic bloc constituted 'a direct threat to all the peoples of Europe'. In the west, said another Moscow broadcast, 'voices are being heard ever more loudly condemning American diplomacy for its unforgivable mistake of stubbornly refusing to take part in a conference of the Great Powers'. Several broadcasts quoted from Mr. Bevan's speech at Coventry, in which he had 'sharply criticised the British press and, in particular, its attitude towards the Soviet Note', which Mr. Bevan had said had not been published in full in any of the British newspapers. A broadcast from east Germany on the western reply to the Soviet Note declared:

By stating that they found it 'entirely unacceptable' to drop the (Bonn and Paris) agreements, the Western Powers show that they continue to reject a four-power conference which, unburdened by these agreements, could take practical measures to solve the German question.

A Peking broadcast in English on the Bermuda conference said that to hold 'a conference devoted to such a specific purpose and so unilateral in nature obviously runs counter to easing international tension'. To try to solve any urgent international issues without the participation of China was impossible.

From France, broadcast press reviews reflected the sharp division of opinion shown in the Assembly on the question of ratifying the E.D.C. The left-wing Independent *Combat* was quoted as regretting that the French Government had agreed to attend the Bermuda conference, since French policy on E.D.C. had not yet crystallised. Public opinion, it said, had coined the phrase 'Monsieur Laniel, do not allow yourself to be Bermuded'. The right-wing independent *Le Monde*, referring to the belief that Molotov, in holding his press conference, was addressing himself principally to France, was quoted as commenting that, if so, he went about his task rather ineptly. All he succeeded in doing was to confirm the impression that the Soviet Union does not favour an easing of tension at present, since it hoped to gain by a continuation of the cold war.

Did You Hear That?

AMERICAN DIESEL LOCOMOTIVES

IT WAS RECENTLY ANNOUNCED that British Railways are to replace their shunting engines by diesels. CECIL J. ALLEN spoke of diesel locomotives in the course of a talk in 'Science Survey'.

'It is', he said, 'on the other side of the Atlantic that the principal diesel developments have taken place. In the early nineteen-thirties a famous motor manufacturing firm in the United States, foreseeing the possibilities, sank a large amount of capital in establishing a subsidiary to build nothing but diesel-electric locomotives. The idea then had to be "sold", and this was done by building experimental units and loaning them for trial to railways all over the U.S.A. At the same time, American coach-builders were introducing new stainless-steel coaches with the most modern furnishing and decor; and the two developments, giving high speed travel in unprecedented conditions of comfort, smoothness, and cleanliness, had an irresistible appeal.'

'The result has been amazing. Orders for diesel-electric locomotives began to pour in; and the big American steam locomotive builders soon realised that unless they also started to build diesels, their locomotive orders eventually would dry up completely. So it has proved, for during the past fifteen years United States railways, with one single exception, have ceased completely to buy or build steam power. As a result, diesels have taken over three-quarters of the passenger train mileage, two-thirds of the freight, and more than three-quarters of the shunting over the entire country.'

'One reason why diesel power has had so strong an appeal in the U.S.A. is the abundance of indigenous oil in that country, which makes diesel oil a cheap fuel in comparison with coal. Another advantage of diesel traction is the ability of the diesel engine to work continuously over long periods without any fuelling, watering, or servicing. This continuous availability can be used to the full in the United States: for example, the Santa Fé Railroad works its "Super Chief" and "El Capitan" streamline trains with unchanged diesel locomotives throughout over the 2,226 miles from Chicago to Los Angeles. This is a run of all but forty hours, and includes hundreds of miles at eighty to ninety m.p.h. across the prairies, and then laborious climbs through the mountains, up to summit levels of over 7,000 feet. At one end of the journey, the diesels start their return trip after a turn-around time of no more than five to six hours. No steam locomotives at present existing could match such a performance as this.'

'The track also benefits by the change-over from steam to diesel power. Instead of the pounding action of even the best balanced steam locomotives, the diesel engines, generators, and motors have a smooth and even torque. The diesel also is lighter in weight and has a more flexible wheelbase than a steam locomotive of corresponding power.'

'Another advantage of diesel-electric traction is that you can match your power to your train by coupling several units together; but whereas, if you did that with steam, each locomotive would need its own crew, all the diesel power-plants can be brought under the control of the one crew at the head end by means of multiple-unit connections. These diesel advantages are shared by straight electric traction, of course, but with this important difference, that the diesel needs no

continuous lineside equipment for the conduction of its current.

'From the start, the American railways have had the good sense to accept the makers' standard diesel designs, instead of every railway insisting on building to its own. As a result, mass production has been made easy, and the cost of new diesel locomotives has been kept down to roughly twice that of steam locomotives of comparable power. In this way, the economies in working made possible on United States railways by substituting diesel for steam power have been very substantial'.

KEMAL ATATURK'S MAUSOLEUM

Just over thirty years ago Turkey was proclaimed a Republic and Mustafa Kemal was elected its first Premier. Ataturk's remains have been interred in an immense mausoleum on the hills outside Ankara, a description of which was given by JOHN MAIR in 'The Eye-witness'.

'The new Ataturk mausoleum', he said, 'has been built on a heroic scale, the buildings and the gardens surrounding them occupying a hill-top site in Ankara more than a mile square. The buildings—all in the same rough yellowish stone—have taken ten years to complete, and have cost roughly £2,500,000. For the past two years much of the work has been going on day and night continuously.'

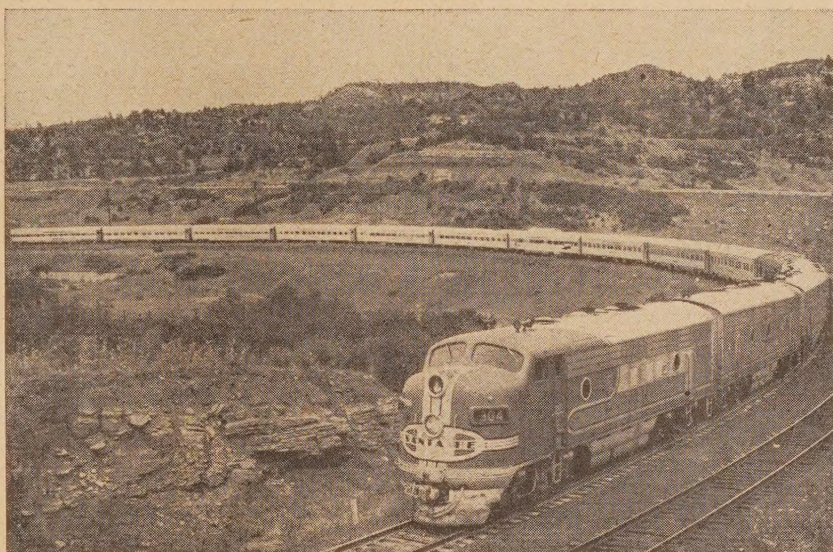
'The buildings consist of three main parts: there is a paved approach 300 yards long, flanked by beds of roses and a double row of poplars, and then there is a vast, tiled square with low administrative buildings round the sides, each side of which is more than 100 yards long; and on the left side of the square as you come into it from the approach, towering up into the sky

above a broad flight of shallow steps, is the mausoleum itself.

'The site of it, and the general impression, particularly when you look at it from a distance—or floodlit as it has been recently—reminds one, I think, of the Parthenon. It is the same general design, but it is a Parthenon made out of honey-coloured stone, and the pillars, each one sixty feet high and about four feet thick, are square instead of round.

'Round the outside of the building—that is just inside this outer rectangle of square pillars—is a double colonnade, the first again in this honey-coloured stone and the second in white marble. From here there are views of the city and the mountains. But these outer colonnades, of course, take up relatively little space, and most of the inside of the mausoleum is a huge hall, twenty-five yards long and seventeen wide. The walls of this are faced with green marble, and the flat roof, which is more than sixty feet above the floor, has closely set, gilded beams interspersed with geometric designs in red, green, and dark-blue mosaic. This mosaic, incidentally, is the work of Italians and the only part of the building which the Turks have not done themselves. All the stone used comes from Turkey, and the architects, of course, are Turkish.

'At the far end of this huge hall the light falls from a high window through a massive open-work screen of metal on to a great slab of reddish marble which marks the site of the coffin below. The site of the coffin itself is a vaulted, octagonal chamber about ten yards across, sunk deep into the foundations of the mausoleum. Its floor and walls are of white marble and the ceiling is decorated in an eight-pointed star in green and gold mosaic. In the wall opposite the eastern side of



The 'Santa Fé Railway's 'Super Chief' photographed near Wootton, Colorado

the chamber is a small window cut into the stone, which frames a view of the medieval hill-top fortress at the summit of the old town of Ankara—that old town of Ankara, which, of course, was all there was here before Atatürk decided to build his new capital’.

WASHINGTON OLD HALL

‘The old hall at Washington, County Durham, has been preserved in the nick of time’, said YVONNE ADAMSON in a talk in the Home Service. ‘Till a year or two ago it had stood, silent and derelict, condemned even as tenements. A local committee backed by loyal people, in this country and America, determined to save it. Now the red pantiled roof has been repaired, elegant mullioned windows restored, the thick stone walls made good.’

‘The history of the Washingtons who lived here goes back into the mists of time. About the first we know of them is that in 1183 a certain William de Hartburn acquired land here, and that he, or maybe his children, took the name of the place in which they lived. They became the de Wessingtons, the Washingtons. Here they built the first manor house and here they lived until 1376, when the Durham branch died out. In the meantime, a younger branch had sprung from the same root; they travelled south and settled eventually at Sulgrave Manor in Northamptonshire. George Washington was descended from this branch.’

‘It is hoped to begin work on the interior very soon, and the garden must be tidied and the lodge restored. For this, Americans have given generously, and at their request the hall has been offered to the people of Washington as a community centre. This proud old building is a reminder that from this little village came a family whose traditions of independence and integrity found their highest expression in George Washington, the first President of America, and that, through him, Washington, County Durham, gave its name to Washington, D.C.’

VICTORIAN ARTIST WHO NAMED A STATION

‘A wide hall, picture-lined’, said ALYS MYERS in ‘The North-countryman’, ‘corridors and rooms hung with pictures. A picture gallery, you would think. But no! This is Hall, where even the council chamber has its share of oil paintings in ornate gilt frames. The pictures are mainly by the Victorian artist Richard Ansdell; and this is as it should be, for this Liverpool-born painter gave his name to a district in the borough, and to a railway station as well.’

‘Ansdell (the district) lies between Lytham and St. Annes-on-Sea, where Ansdell (the artist) built a house in 1860. It was not at all like it is now. Lytham was a tiny place with one street. Miles of sand dunes and sandy grassland ran along the coast to Blackpool. Ansdell’s friends said he was crazy to build in so solitary a place. But the quiet appealed to him—the wide view of sea and sky, the sand dunes covered with grey-green starr grass. He called his house “Starr Hills”.’

‘Richard Ansdell, born in 1815, educated at Liverpool Blue-coat School, used pencil and paint brush even when a child. At thir-

teen he left school for a local artist’s studio, then studied at Liverpool Academy Schools. At twenty his pictures were hung in Liverpool Exhibition; he exhibited at the Royal Academy, British Institution, Paris Exhibition, won awards, gold medals, became President of Liverpool Academy, then an R.A. The poor boy from the Blue-coat School was famous. Some thought him on a level with his contemporary, Landseer. Some thought he was better, since he never sentimentalised his animals. He painted historical scenes, figure and landscape. But he was best known as a painter of animals. From 1860 to his death at seventy in 1885, he exhibited in London alone 180 paintings—and sold them at an average of £750 apiece. Not only the originals but their reproductions were enormously popular. Steel engravings of his stags, sheep, dogs, and dead game hung in countless Victorian dining-rooms.’

‘Meanwhile he was building “Starr Hills”. But it is one thing to plan solitude, another to keep it. The very year the house was finished, a railway line to Blackpool was considered. It had reached Lytham: now it was to be extended. A road had been built along the boundary of the artist’s land — Ansdell Road. A wayside halt where the line crossed this road was named Ansdell Station. It is said that Ansdell stipulated this when he allowed the line to adjoin his land. Certainly he strongly opposed the building of a bridge over it. This was not done until thirty years later when the station was moved to its present position. The name was retained, with an addition: today it is “Ansdell and Fairhaven Station”. Ansdell Road is still there’.



‘A Ploughing Match’, by Richard Ansdell, R.A. (1815-1885)

By courtesy of the Trustees of the Tate Gallery

A KING OF THE AIR

‘The Golden eagle’, said MAXWELL KNIGHT in ‘Open Air’, ‘may be our greatest bird of prey—the so-called king of the air—but for down-right aerial beauty and grace I think the common buzzard is its equal at least. The common buzzard is no mean bird in size; in fact it is one of our largest birds of prey. At a distance it seems just a great, brownish bird with powerful rounded wings with a somewhat streaky appearance when the sun lights on it. But a closer view would show a fine purplish gloss on the mantle, and a whitish dash on throat and breast. From below, when you look at one through field-glasses, you can see a barred pattern on the undersides of the female, which, incidentally, is the larger bird; while the smaller male has an even more stripy look. At rest the buzzard is not so impressive.’

‘It is curious that a bird so noble in flight and so given to soaring and sweeping, should look more or less undistinguished when it is on the ground. But it is when it is in the air that the buzzard comes into its own. Buzzards are much on the wing, and for that reason they are not hard to find; and their habit of circling round and round, often in ever-increasing upward spirals not only makes a truly wonderful sight but renders the buzzard easy to keep in view. When one is watching these great birds, one sees that they seem to keep up their circlings and climbings with very little obvious effort—indeed, at times they look as if they do not move their wings at all—a perfection of grace’.



A buzzard banking in flight

E. J. Hosking

The Reith Lectures—

Science as Action: Rutherford's World*

By J. ROBERT OPPENHEIMER

IT is inherent in the very notion of culture and of tradition that there is a cumulative aspect to human life. The past underlies the present, qualifies and moderates it, in some ways limits it and in some ways enriches it. We understand Shakespeare better for having read Chaucer, and Milton for having read Shakespeare. We appreciate Trevelyan more for knowing Thucydides. We see Cézanne with better eyes for having looked also at Vermeer, and understand much more in Locke for knowing Aristotle, St. Matthew for knowing Job. But in actual fact we rather seldom bring a knowledge of the earlier to our first acquaintance with the later; and if it is true that Job throws light on Matthew, it is also true that Matthew throws light on Job. We can understand a great deal of what is written today, knowing little explicitly of what has been written in the past. We can and do know a great deal of what Shakespeare means and intends without any knowledge of those earlier men who altered and educated his sensibility.

The cumulative character of science is very different and very much more essential. It is one of the reasons for the great difficulty of understanding any science in which one has not largely become an expert—the science of which Hobbes wrote: 'Of that nature, as none can understand it to be, but such as in good measure have attained it'.

New Domains of Experience

There are at least two reasons for this: one has to do with the relation of later discoveries in science to earlier, and the other with the use that is made of earlier work in science as an instrument of progress. When we find out something new about the natural world this does not supersede what we knew before; it transcends it, and the transcendence takes place because we are in a new domain of experience, often made accessible only by the full use of prior knowledge. The work of Huygens and Fresnel on the wave properties of light is as necessary today as it ever was, although we know that there are properties of light which are left out in their account and their experience, properties which, in the context of atomic happenings, are decisive. Newton's law of gravitation and his equations of motion apply to and underlie immense realms of physical experience and are not made wrong by the fact that in other and still vaster spheres they must be replaced by the broader laws of Einstein. The chemical theory of valency has been explained, elucidated, and, to some small degree, extended by an understanding in terms of the behaviour of electrons and nuclei of what goes on in chemical bonding; but the chemical theory of valency is not superseded and will presumably be used as long as man's interest in chemistry continues. The foundations of solid fact and the laws which describe it persevere through the whole course of science, to be refined and adapted to new contexts but never to be ignored or cast out.

But this is only a part of the story. It is a recurring experience of scientific progress that what was yesterday an object of study, of interest in its own right, becomes today something to be taken for granted, something understood and reliable, something known and familiar—a tool for further research and discovery. Sometimes the new instrument which is used to extend experience is a natural phenomenon, only barely qualified or controlled by the experimenter. We are familiar with the use of calcite crystals to produce two separate beams of polarised light. We know that the cosmic rays are both an object of investigation in themselves and a tool of hitherto unparalleled power for probing the properties and transmutations of primordial matter here on earth and in the laboratory. Sometimes past knowledge is embodied not in a natural phenomenon but in an invention, or in elaborate pyramids of invention, a new technology.

There are many well known and major examples of technological development during the last war which have added to the instruments of the investigator of the physical and biological world. We may recall two. Microwave radar—the generation, control, and detection of electromagnetic waves of relatively very short length—played a heroic part in the Battle of Britain. In the years since, it has provided powerful new means of investigating atomic, molecular, and even nuclear problems from which in actual fact subtle discoveries have been

made about the laws of interaction of electrons and protons and neutrons.

The nuclear reactor embodies in its technology very recently acquired understanding of the fission processes in uranium and of the behaviour of neutrons in their collisions with atomic nuclei; it is now an important tool whose controlled and well-understood radiations are telling us about properties of matter hitherto barely accessible. Artificially radioactive substances made in great profusion by atomic reactors enable us to follow the course of individual atoms in chemical and biological changes. In biology especially they may be an addition to our instrumental facilities and techniques comparable in importance with the microscope itself.

An Addition to the Scientist

It is an oversimplification to say that technologies based upon recently discovered natural phenomena are taken as wholly for granted and as wholly known, but this is essentially the truth. They are added to the experimenter as a good tool is added to the artisan; as the pencil in the writer's hand ceases to be an object in itself and becomes almost a part of the writer; or as a horse under a good horseman becomes for the time being not an animal to be cared for and thought about but a part of the entity 'horseman'. Thus what has been learned and invented in science becomes an addition to the scientist, a new mode of perception, a new mode of his action.

There are some cautions to be added to this. No experimenter takes his equipment quite so much for granted that he fails to check whether in fact it is performing as it is supposed to perform; but the notion of how it is supposed to perform is for him in general a fixed thing not calling for further enquiry. This may be true even when the invention is a sample of practical art rather than a sample of true understanding. The photographic plate has served as an instrument of science for decades, during which its behaviour was only very incompletely understood. Any machine can get out of order, and in a laboratory most machines do. The horse is shod and bridled and fed before he can become part of the horseman. Nevertheless we use what we have learned to go further. A perpetual doubting and a perpetual questioning of the truth of what we have learned is not the temper of science. If Einstein was led to ask not 'What is a clock?', but 'How, over great distances and with great precision, do we synchronise clocks?', that is not an illustration of the scepticism of science; it exemplifies rather the critical reason creating a new synthesis from paradoxes, anomalies and bewilderingments, which experiments carried on with new precision and in a new context brought into being.

All this means that science is cumulative in a quite special sense. We cannot really know what a contemporary experiment means unless we understand what the instruments and the knowledge are that are involved in its design. This is one reason why the growing edge of science seems so inaccessible to common experience. Its findings are defined in terms of objects and laws and ideas which were the science of its predecessors. This is why the student spends many long years learning the facts and arts which, in the acts of science, he will use and take for granted—why this long tunnel, at the end of which is the light of discovery, is so discouraging for the layman to enter, be he an artist, scholar, or man of affairs.

Work on Radioactive Substances

This conversion of an object of study into an instrument has its classic exemplification in Rutherford and the α -particle. This is a trail we will follow for some time. It will lead us to the heart of atomic physics. The α -particle, emitted by many naturally radioactive substances, identical with the nucleus of helium, was indeed a strong right arm for Rutherford and all his school in probing the atomic world. Rutherford's early works had been largely devoted to writing the wonderful natural history of the radioactive families—those which start with spontaneous changes in the heavy elements uranium and thorium. Part of the natural history was to discover the genetic relations between

* The second of six lectures on 'Science and the Common Understanding'.

the various radioactive substances, some of them growing as a result of the decay of others and in turn giving rise to daughter products by further transmutation.

The natural history involves a chemical identification of the radioactive substances, the determination of the rapidity of their decay and of the alternative modes of decay, which some of them exhibit. It involves the recognition of three fundamentally different kinds of radiation, all of which appear at one stage or another in these family histories. This identification, which we shall meet again in later contexts, means learning some of the basic properties of the particles emitted. This identification, as we shall shortly see, is made possible by the fact that even a single such particle has readily detectable effects.

These properties include the mass of the particle and its electric charge. These have usually been found in the first instance, by studying their behaviour in large-scale electric and magnetic fields and applying Newton's laws to analyse their motion. These same methods give one a measure of the velocity or energy with which the particles are emitted, and of the loss of this energy as the particles pass through matter. Sometimes, at a later stage, the products of an atomic or nuclear disintegration can be more thoroughly studied. They may have more subtle electromagnetic properties than charge, such as a small magnetic moment. They may have structure or size. But the basic identifications can all be made in terms of the response of the radiations to familiar, large-scale, experimentally controllable situations like the classical electric and magnetic fields of our laboratory courses.

Sharpest Experimental Tool

The α -particle of the naturally radioactive substances became for the middle years of Rutherford's life the sharpest experimental tool; it was to be supplemented and to some extent superseded only when artificially accelerated nuclei became available during the nineteen-thirties. The essential features of the experiments that have told us most about atoms and nuclei and the ingredients of matter are two: one has to do with structure, and the other with scale.

The structure of the experiment involves three parts: a probe, which is an object meant to explore or disturb matter in its natural state, typically with some degree of violence. This was the role of the α -particle. The second element is the target, which is some form of matter, whether pure or of controllable and manageable complications; and the third is the detector, which identifies and describes the objects emerging from the disturbance, whether they be the altered or the unaltered probe, or something knocked out of the target, or created in the collision, or something appearing long after the collision as evidence of a rearrangement of the collision products consequent upon the disturbance. This is not a universal pattern—this probe-target-detector assembly. The collision is not the only way of learning about atomic systems; but almost all of what we have learned has derived at least in part from such experiments and can be elucidated in terms of them.

As to scale, it is the scale that determines the possibility of detection. The events that are so studied—the collisions, transmutations—can typically be studied event by event, atom by atom. The reason for this lies in two circumstances: one is that in nuclear transformations, and even more so in transformations induced by cosmic rays and super-accelerators, the energy characteristic of a single atomic process is enormous compared to the chemical energies, and is sufficient to produce recognisable physical and chemical changes in hundreds of thousands or even millions of atoms.

The second circumstance lies in the art that has been devoted toward exploiting these energies in systems of detection. The detectors for Rutherford's experiments are by now familiar. One is the scintillation screen, where an α -particle creates a flash of light easily visible through a microscope at the point where it hits the screen. Another is the beautiful cloud chamber of C. T. R. Wilson, which is, according to legend, an outcome of the inventor's interest in the mist and clouds and rain of his native Scotland. In this cloud-chamber the track of a charged particle is marked by the occurrence of innumerable small yet readily visible droplets of water or other liquid close to where the particles passed. A third is the counter, in which the electrical disturbance produced in a gas by the passage of a charged particle gives rise to a substantial electrical discharge, which can be amplified and analysed by electronic circuitry.

These detectors have been supplemented by many, many others; and the precision and power of electronic amplification and analysis have been developed into a great art. The detector of atomic physics still

characteristically is designed to take advantage of the very great energy involved in the changes of a single atom, and of the power to amplify this energy almost at will to make it accessible. The clicking counters and flashing lights and occasionally even the ringing bells of a modern nuclear laboratory make the doings of individual atoms very vivid and immediate, and make the subtle atoms of Epicurus or of Newton seem very private and remote.

Foundation for a Revolution

Rutherford and his probing α -particles and detectors are old history, dating back roughly some forty years. They are basic alike to atomic and nuclear physics, basic as a foundation for the great revolution in science which it is my principal purpose to describe, and for the further developments at the very forefront of contemporary discovery that have us today perplexed and bemused. With his α -particles, obtained from natural radioactivity, Rutherford discovered the atomic nucleus and the nuclear model of the atom; with some help from other evidence he discovered the mass and the charge of the various atomic nuclei and thus rationalised Mendeleev's table of the elements. With the α -particles, he was able to touch nuclear matter itself and measure its dimensions. He showed that it could be transmuted; he identified at least some of its ingredients.

For the most part, α -particles when they pass through a bit of matter are not very much deflected or changed in direction; they are gradually slowed down; but occasionally a particle will change its direction of motion very greatly. It will be scattered through a large angle; it will act as though some great force had disturbed it, as though it had hit something quite small and quite hard. The law describing these deflections is Rutherford's law; and to it he gave a simple meaning: there are forces acting on the α -particles; they are not unfamiliar to physics. They are the electric repulsion between the charge of the atomic nucleus and the charge of the α -particle—the same force which manifests itself when two positively charged pith balls push each other apart in an elementary demonstration. The balls repel each other because the two charges are similar; and the repulsion is described by Coulomb's law—very much the same law as Newton's law of gravitation. The repulsion is inversely proportional to the square of the separation of the charges. The charge of the atomic nucleus is a multiple of that of the proton—the nucleus of hydrogen. The multiple is the atomic number, which determines the number of electrons in the atom, and almost all the chemical properties of the element, and the position in the periodic table of that element. The mass of the nucleus is almost the whole mass of the atom as expressed by its atomic weight. This charge and mass is concentrated in a small volume. Everywhere outside it, the α -particle feels only the electric field.

By using α -particles fast enough to overcome the electric repulsion, and using light elements for which the charge and therefore the repulsion are not too great, Rutherford found that occasionally α -particles penetrated to a different domain entirely, where very strong forces, not electric forces, deflected them. In this way he found the dimensions of the nucleus itself: roughly one part in 10,000 of the dimensions of the atom as a whole. This characterised the nucleus as a region of incredibly high density, of many millions of tons per cubic inch. Rutherford discovered even more: he was able to show that when fast α -particles penetrated nuclear matter things other than α -particles emerged from the *mêlée*. In experiments undertaken during the first world war, and justified by Rutherford as of greater importance than any contribution he could then make to the prosecution of that war, Rutherford for the first time induced by human action the transmutation of an atomic nucleus, knocking out of the nucleus of nitrogen a nucleus of hydrogen, or proton, and starting a chain of events which led, among many things, to man's release of atomic energy, to what may some day be judged the most compelling argument of all for putting an end to war itself.

Following a Course of Discovery

The story went on from there. Before we revert to the nuclear model of the atom and how oddly different its properties are from any we can understand on the basis of Newtonian physics, we may follow sketchily and partially this course of discovery with probe, target, and detector that Rutherford initiated and that has continued until the present day. Twenty years ago, using the same α -particles as probes, Chadwick managed to identify another survivor of the disturbance, another ingredient of the nucleus, the neutron, which has roughly the proton's mass but no charge, and thus to lay the foundations for an

(continued on page 913)

Prospect of Britain—III

The Man and the Manager

By CHRISTOPHER SALMON

MY introduction to industry, I thought, may be embarrassing; like meeting someone of whom one has heard too much. You cannot forget it, and he knows what they have told you. Probably both of you will agree to let it go at that. The chances are that you will come away without ever having had a sight of the real person.

Of course I knew the story, as it was commonly told. British industry had set the pace. From the start of the revolution the British industrialist had gone straight to the top and stayed there—apparently beyond reach. He had made the whole family's fortune; and then circumstances had turned against him: one thing after another—all beyond his control; and this was serious because the whole family had by then come to rely on him, as they still do. They say they have no reason to change their original opinion of him; he will do the spectacular thing again when his chance comes, and lift the whole family up with him, again, to the top where they belong.

Our Opinion of Ourselves

One was a member of this family oneself; and one had sometimes wondered whether it was fair that everything should go on being made in this way to depend on industry. What about agriculture? Why not put it up to the farmer? Had the time not come, perhaps, when we should resign ourselves to a more modest position, decide to live nearer to our own resources and admit we could no longer do business abroad on the old scale? Some people said that sooner or later it would have to come to this, but the majority still said 'No': it would mean too sharp a reduction of standards, and how could we change the opinion we had had of ourselves for 150 years?

There seems no doubt that we do continue to think of ourselves in the old way. I crossed the Atlantic on a British ship soon after the s.s. *United States* had deprived us of the Blue Riband. We steamed out past where she was lying in her berth in the Hudson River. She was brand new, looked very workmanlike as well as pretty, and there was the feather in her cap, a pure white wisp of smoke tucked in her forward funnel. I admired her. I was standing by some of our crew.

'She looks all right', they said, 'but wait four months; you won't find her up here, then. She'll be down in the Caribbean—cruising. She'd never stand the North Atlantic run in winter, she'd break her back'. Since then, the s.s. *United States* has had one North Atlantic winter, and I have not heard that she is any the worse for it. But that was not the point, of course. 'Look here', they said, 'would you like to see a real ship?' And they took me round and showed me how on Clydeside, Tyneside, Merseyside, and Belfast Lough, we build better ships—always have, always will—than other countries can anywhere else in the world. 'We're coming out on top again', they said, 'don't you worry; quality wins in the end. Sheffield steel, British woollens, British bicycles, British motor-cars, British electrical components, British aeroplanes—there is nothing to touch them!'

In America the estimate had been different. American fibres were going to make what the sheep wears stand on end! 'Craftsmanship', they told me, 'it's out of date; goes well with thatched roofs. We feed ours to the machines'. 'You know what's the matter with British industry?' they said. 'Spoiled when it was a kid! Had it too easy to start with. You threw your weight about in those days, but as soon as events turned against you, you gave up trying. You make out it was two wars, and your machinery worn out in saving the world. Your machinery was worn out all right, but longer ago than you think! You were probably never as good as you thought; you simply got there first, until we and the others caught up. By 1890, already, Britain was buying more than she sold. You were the financial and marketing centre of the world then, and that helped you. And there was the interest on savings which your great-grandfathers and great-great-grandfathers had invested abroad. In the first war you had to spend some of that. In the second, as you say, it finally ran out. Since then you've had subsidies, loans, Marshall Plan, E.R.P. from us. But probably we can't go on keeping you indefinitely in the state you've been used to. Look here'—and this

was generally how it ended—'we've a great respect for you. We admire the British. But you don't seem to us to be giving yourselves a chance. Why knock the bottom out of incentive just when you need your people to work?'

It was an enormous relief, as it turned out, to set one's foot inside some British factories. There, at last, was the real person, simply discharging his duties and going about his work. He let me come with him, showed me what I wanted to see, answered all my questions. He talked to me not only about what he was doing well, but about what he thought he was doing less well, but hoped to improve. He was obviously much too busy to concern himself with what I, or anyone else, might think of him: let them only think well of his products.

Then I would be allowed to make the tour. First, the shops themselves: on the floor I could not, of course, distinguish much. But I could hear the noise, and feel the heat; and down the vistas I could stop to watch each man or woman, in his moment of assertion, stamping, turning, twisting, cutting the idea on its way to reality. And there, at the end of the sheds, the reality was, in metal or fibre, or plastic, standing, piled up, huge, or small, waiting to be packed. As if, from the beginning, in spite of the complexity and the interdependence, one could have taken it all for granted: as if nothing had ever been in question here except the finished article packaged on the stall, set out on the shop counter, for sale, merely, ounce after ounce, at a given price, packet after packet of it, guaranteed identical, ton after ton, repetitive day after day.

Then I would be shown through another door into silence, and on to carpets suddenly, among bright secretaries and people with long memories, and books of figures and graphs and charts, and speaker control-systems, and board-rooms, and the portrait of the chairman, and telephone connections with supplies and markets all over the world. Finally, in the afternoon I would see the rest-rooms and welfare services and nurses and canteens; or I would be allowed to sit in for some of the joint-consultation at the production committees, or the works-council, or the meeting of the social and sports club. Here I could judge for myself: and the differences between firms were easy to notice. Round some of the tables there were only perfunctory exchanges, men on one side and managers on the other, while authority gave very little away. But elsewhere the give and take was direct, and personal, and there was common ground and important co-operation.

Comparison with What Might Be

Then the car would come punctually to fetch me, and the curtain would drop on production, and I would be back again with my suitcase in the trivial distributive world. But, perhaps, later the same evening, in somebody's house, we would meet again. And after they had laughed at me for my impressions, and told me there was nothing in it, but only a job like anybody else's, I would be able to bring it back. They would begin to talk about what mattered to them, and I would hear about the faults and delays which were there all right, although I had not noticed them. They would compare what was with what might be, generally not with bitterness but simply out of a preoccupation with the job that had followed them home. 'It's not bad as it is, but we could lift it by twenty-five per cent.'. 'Our production, even now, isn't what it ought to be'. 'The men aren't really working'. 'There isn't a man under fifty doing a full day's work'. I was told that of a shipyard. But usually it was much subtler. 'The men aren't earning as much as they could. We've agreed the new wage rates. God knows the negotiations took long enough. But the men aren't taking advantage of them'. Or—'We'd like to put a new machine in, there's no doubt it would increase output. But the men are afraid of it. They still think it would lead to redundancy. It's the same with the processes. We could simplify them, break them down, increase production, but we'd have so much opposition to overcome, it's not worth it. Time and motion study? Couldn't touch those here, not for a long time. It'd put too many backs up. We've offered them evening classes, where they'd learn for themselves what it's all about. It will probably come in time, but there's no

use our pushing it prematurely. Double shifts? certainly, we could cut down overheads right away. We've suggested it, but the men claim it would disturb their family life. We're letting that one alone'.

And so on and so on. Of course, this would vary from place to place. There are works and factories, even whole industrial centres, where the newest methods have been, or are being, applied without opposition. But where I went, I think I did not meet a single works' manager or general manager who thought that the men were working as hard as they could.

On the other side, it was the same story. 'They talk about increasing production', the men would say, 'but they don't really care. We see some of the bottlenecks for ourselves. We see where the operation could be simplified. We could do in two steps what they ask us to do in four. But they don't want to listen to us. Bill, here, has a point. He told the foreman about it last week, and the week before, and the week before that too: three times, I believe. Nothing's been done. What's the use of our worrying about it, if they don't? It's the old story. It's still the profits that interest them'. And so on.

Below the Surface

It seemed to be invariable; the comments would vary, but always, it seemed to me, there was distrust, suspicion, resentment, to be uncovered not far below the surface. But I think these words are too strong to describe what struck me more as an abiding mood than a catalogue of explicit grievances. It was as if the grievances themselves, where these came up, were less real than the underlying attitude, and but for this might never have come up at all. The feelings I met seemed seldom to rest on personalities. It was not that a particular man was distrusted, but a whole point of view. Gradually, it seemed to me, I began to touch the points on which the absurd under-and-over-estimates of British industry must have fastened. Like a vine, in their inconsiderate growth they had long overreached them, but they had none the less their tendrils still fairly in the cracks. Beyond any question, British industry is packed with capacity and invention and promise. They are right, I thought, who say so. But so are they also right, I thought, who say that it is not circumstances but something in our attitude of mind which holds us back.

I am generalising and talking in over-simplified terms about British industry, and I must make it perfectly plain that my opinion in these matters is in no sense expert or professional. I have never worked either in an office or on the floor of a factory, and I am not an economist or an accountant. British industry is made up of numbers of different industries; each industry includes large numbers of different factories and plants; each of these varies from its neighbour in development and conditions and atmosphere. Anything one might say at all particularly about one would be unlikely to hold of another. I went where people were kind enough to take me, I saw what they showed me, but where I went and what I saw were inevitably only a very small part of what there is to be seen. Yet I think the outsider has still one important advantage: he is accessible only to large impressions: he sees what stands out, the detail passes him by.

I have become convinced that British industry is suffering from a split personality. The two partners in industry inhibit each other and feel frustrated. What divides them is a fundamental difference of outlook and intention. Each approaches industry with a different view of it and a different view of its function in society. The result is a slight partial paralysis of the industrial body. I do not want to suggest that men and managers are deliberately pulling industry in two directions. The two halves of a man's personality may both require that the body they inhabit be kept alive with food. Right hand and left hand will then come together, though perhaps rather clumsily, with knife and fork. So, to meet a common economic need, men and managers are co-operating, though less deftly than they otherwise would, on the tasks of production. What divides them lies well below the level of what are ordinarily called industrial relations. We should recognise this, lest we aggravate the disease. The worker takes good wages and working conditions for granted now. The split cannot be healed by any adjustment of these. It was primarily over wages and conditions in the past that the worst of the industrial disputes raged. They will always be argued over. But my own view is that when workers' feelings run high on these issues now, it is either for political reasons, or because wages and conditions are being used to relieve the deeper conflict.

The workers' position, after all, has enormously changed. As a contracting party they are no longer without power. Behind them they have strong unions and government inspectors. Really it is simpler

than that. They have society behind them. No government will ever be allowed to let their wages fall below a decent minimum, or themselves to be asked to work in dangerous or inhuman conditions. I do not mean that we must not be kept informed. If safety precautions were not being taken, if intolerable hours were being demanded, if wages, anywhere, were failing to keep pace with living costs, we should need to be, and we should be, told. But there is very little reason to expect these things to happen now.

I do not mean that men and managers will ever not have other local issues to settle, and other frictions to polish away between them in the business of production. They will inevitably. But I do mean that if it should happen, on any date, in any factory or plant, that all these should have been temporarily settled, this would be no guarantee that the fundamental rift had been healed, and that full co-operation obtained between them. This is a hard saying, and implies, I think, first, that it would be unlikely that the split could be healed locally without its being healed at the same time throughout British industry, and, secondly, that it could not be healed anywhere by technically good management and technically good labour relations alone. I can think of no policy of wages, or bonus, or welfare, or amenities, or of nationalisation, or profit-sharing, or participation in management, which could heal the rift, though any or all of them might be very useful if they were recognised as a sign of an open mind.

It seems to me that only one factor in the relation between men and managers is now immediately relevant to industry's psychosis, and this is the development between them of a belief in each other's readiness to enquire rationally into industry's social nature and function. The enquiry will have to be dispassionate. All sorts of loyalty and heartfelt bias underlie both the men's and the managers' attitudes. They have come from vastly different social backgrounds, and each, naturally, has wanted to apply to industry the values they learnt at home. The differences between the homes they have lived in and the society they have kept outside, have counted for far more than the ground they have shared during working hours in the factory. As so often, when differences are stubborn, it has been ideals much more than selfishness which has kept the two sides apart.

Need for Discussion

I do not know whether, before the depression of the 'thirties, it would still have been possible for the partners in British industry to bridge their differences gradually, if they could have been given a long period of working smoothly together under favourable economic conditions. But now, I am sure, everything must be brought out and discussed. For the effect of mass unemployment was finally to convince the workers that, whatever might be believed in theory, the motives actually driving industrial activity had not been harmonious with the interests of society as a whole. From that moment virtually every worker recognised in traditionally organised industry the very principle which had divided society in two: and longing, as he did, with extraordinary compunction, to share in a common good, he resolved to make industry the very vessel in which society should be made whole.

I do not think the worker has yet been able to discover what he thinks are the goods, or should be the goals, of industrial enterprise. Only, I think, he feels that all the old concepts must be re-examined: the meaning and value of work, the significance of competition, the proper use of the machine, the value of mass production, the status of labour, the nature of contract, and so on, and so on. Plato's view that human evils would never cease till kings were philosophers seems unpractical to many. Unpractical or not, our industrial ills will not cease, I think, until our managers are philosophers. And many of them are. Why should this be surprising? Business has long out-grown its old assumptions, and its legal definition, and its managers are commonly directing it with interests and aims principally different from the old. If their new ideals were examined, they would be found to be much nearer than is usually supposed, I think, to a philosophy which the men could share.

Meanwhile, it seems to the men, I think, that by helping to make industry work on its present basis they are betraying their own convictions, and the uneasiness of conscience which they feel makes them vulnerable to political agitation. And it is the managers' fate to watch what they see to be physically possible continually elude them.

—Third Programme

The latest addition to the Oxford Trollope (crown edition) is *Barchester Towers* (two volumes, 25s.) with illustrations by Edward Ardizzone.

Latin America: Literature and the Arts

EDWARD SARMIENTO gives the seventh of eight talks

WHEREVER you go in Latin America, you find among the educated classes a deep concern for the things of the mind. The Latin American has an ingrained conviction of the value of the *idea general*, the generalisation, the abstract notion, as an instrument for the understanding of life. This conviction is one of the many things that justify the use of the term 'Latin' in speaking of these twenty nations, for it is an inheritance from the southern European culture which has been transmitted to them over the centuries. Hence, the stimulating atmosphere of discussion and the dizzy generalisations of any group of educated Latin Americans in clubs, *cafés*, drawing rooms, and on university campuses; the intense literary cultivation of the daily newspapers—which, to a great extent, play the part of weekly reviews with us.

Sometimes you feel it is slightly too stimulating, too dizzy, and you long for a little ballast of fact: and at this point there comes to your rescue a most interesting phenomenon—the growing importance of scientific and practical studies everywhere in Latin America which is a feature of the last fifteen or twenty years. It is quite likely that in the next generation or so the literary emphasis of Latin American culture will give place to a greater balance between science and the arts. Already, for example—and this is a new thing—school-boys are reading popular science journals and a young engineering student will tell you he does not care for poetry.

What is the past of this culture, hitherto so literary, so artistic? While the great figure of the political emancipation of Latin America is Bolívar, there is no doubt in my mind that the greatest figure in the cultural emancipation is Christopher Columbus. I mean that the conquest of America by Spain and Portugal may be thought of as a deliverance of the New World from its isolation and remoteness. At that moment, in Mexico, Peru, Ecuador, Bolivia, and Colombia there were interesting and admirable indigenous cultures; in some of those countries the archaeological remains of the Maya, Aztec, or Inca civilisations are still the wonder of the whole world. But that their contact and fusion with European peoples meant a great step forward in the history of the world admits of no doubt.

It is just that fusion of Indian with Spanish elements that gives warmth and charm to the earliest architecture, sculpture, and even painting of Mexico, Colombia, and Peru. The oldest cities of these countries abound in churches decorated by the first Hispano-Indian craftsmen. The Spanish baroque style is there encountered with its bold outline and daring clashes greatly enriched with gilding, very fine, delicate carving stretched over great areas of wall space, and woodwork of a most beautiful shade of red and blue. The passion for gilding in this early architecture may well derive from the Indian habit in Peru and, possibly, in Colombia, of lining interiors with thin gold

plate. The wood carving is certainly a hybrid art: in place of the flowers and leaves and flowing forms of Italian Renaissance tradition, you have pineapples, palm trees, caryatids crowned with feathers, and so forth. Even the early painting seems to bear a trace of Indian sensibility: Cuzco (in Peru), Quito, and Mexico were early centres from which schools developed. The dominant influence in Spanish painting at the moment of impact with America was Flemish: the feeling, the colour, and the composition in religious art strongly revealed this Flemish influence. A characteristic trait was that of adorning the canvas with embossed gilding. The early American schools show this Hispano-Flemish origin, but the physiognomy of the models, slightly, and the decorative idiom, strongly, reveal Indian workmanship, particularly a penchant for minute and repetitive designs powdering the drapery or background.

Then in our own day Mexican painting (the strongest school in contemporary Latin America) has reverted in Diego Rivera and Orozco to a style fundamentally traditional and European but deeply modified both by feeling for the Indian, in its theme, and the introduction of Indian forms in the composition—reminiscences of architecture, contemporary Indian costume, and so on.

It is impossible, of course, to name even movements of culture over so vast an area and during the 460 years that have passed since colonisation began, let alone individual artists. For example, I have not even begun at the beginning in architecture: the earliest buildings of the Caribbean islands and even of the Mexican mainland are Gothic. The eighteenth century saw a wave of neo-classicism: I think of the lovely Peruvian city of Arequipa. In Brazil, the gold rush in the same century to Ouro Preto stimulated a whole school and period of Brazilian art and architecture—it is here that the famous coloured, crippled sculptor, Aleijadinho, worked.

If Mexico has the most vigorous movement in painting, Brazil certainly has the most interesting and important architectural movement: the tropical climate, modern urban demands for large blocks, and superb confidence in bright, light effects produce buildings in which original experiments are being made, above all in the texture of exterior surfaces—alternations of light and shade, massed windows, grille-like effects of open and closed spaces.

But, here and there, in other countries, too, interesting buildings can be found: the fine, new library in Lima, the severe post office in Bogotá, workers' flats in Caracas; rather earlier in the century, the neo-classical university in Havana. But nothing will ever approach the beauty of the whole ensemble of Cartagena on the Caribbean coast of Colombia: domes, towers, and the massive walls and corner turrets of the fortifications built against Drake.

It is, of course, quite artificial to begin an account of Latin American



Legacy of a great Latin American civilisation: an Inca throne, carved out of the solid rock, on the outskirts of Cuzco, Peru

culture with the establishment of the twenty nations round about 1822. When Bolívar in Spanish-speaking America and Dom Pedro I in Brazil inaugurated independence, there was already a 300-year-old culture, rich in architecture, painting, literature, and musical tradition, which gives perspective to the earliest work of the republics. As time went on, the old tradition became the source of a certain nostalgic feeling for the past in some writers, a feeling that finds expression, too, in the contemporary taste for the plastic arts of the colonial epoch. Nearly every capital and some other cities as well have museums, not only of the indigenous archaeological remains, but of the colonial arts too.

The period of political emancipation marks a certain change in literature, provided we do not confine political emancipation to the period of actual warfare, 1810-1822, or, in the case of Brazil, to the actual removal of the Portuguese court to Rio in 1808. There is a complex intellectual background to emancipation in both Spanish and Portuguese America and this is reflected in the literature of the later eighteenth century. The anonymous *El Lazarillo de Ciegos Caminantes* ('The Guide of Blind Travellers') is a humorous and light-hearted description of the journey from the River Plate to Lima about the middle of the eighteenth century. It is a sustained piece of writing rather like the *cuadros de costumbres* more typical of Europe in the early nineteenth century. A vigorous and trenchant satirical poem, *Lima por dentro y fuera*, by Terralla y Landa, takes the lid off a sumptuous, viceregal Lima of about the same date or a little later. Lizardi's *El Periquillo Sarniento* (Englished as 'The Itching Parrot') is a picaresque novel that does much the same for the last days of the Viceroy in Mexico. Social criticism was to the fore at this period and must be taken into account, together with the vogue for English and French thought, when studying the political events of 1808-1822.

The greatest literary figure contemporary with Bolívar and the political emancipation was Andrés Bello, a Venezuelan, like Bolívar. Bello was, no doubt about it, the greatest mind Latin America has yet produced. A poet in the neo-classical manner, he combined eighteenth-century elegance and purity of diction with a proper, early nineteenth-century patriotism. Yet he would allow no unjust resentment against Spain. He was a classical scholar but devoted to medieval Spanish and French literature and prepared an edition of the *Cid*, in which he anticipated many of the conclusions of later critics, although he was working only on the notes of his reading, years before, in the British Museum (he lived in London for twenty years). He wrote the most important and influential grammar of the Spanish language in the nineteenth century:

it is still a standard work. He was closely associated with Bentham and the Utilitarians, but remained all his life a strict and devout Catholic. He spent the latter part of his life in Chile, where he may be said to have founded the national university at Santiago.

The nineteenth century in Latin American literature is too rich to be described in detail now. Oddly enough, the Romantic movement hit Latin America well after political separation had been accomplished and came from different directions at different dates: early in Mexico (1826) and French in origin; French, too, in the River Plate countries, but later; the Venezuelan movement is Spanish, the Colombian largely English in origin; Brazilian romanticism is French and can perhaps best be dated from the arrival of the French cultural mission in 1840; 1840 is the date, too, when the polemics of Argentinian romantic writers in exile in Santiago with the staunchly classical Bello initiate romanticism in Chile. This long survival of eighteenth-century thought and modes of sensibility is an important clue to the understanding of Latin America even today. A certain doctrinaire approach to problems, a rather arid intellectualism, a leaning on theory rather than practice which the student who knows only Spain and Portugal is unprepared for in their daughter countries falls into place when it is seen as a faint survival of what was really an eighteenth-century renaissance in Latin America and was the cultural background of independence.

Lyrical (and some narrative) poetry was the chief product of the romanticisms. I will only mention Echeverría and Gutiérrez from Argentina, Rodríguez Galván and Acuña from Mexico—the latter famous for a strange and grisly poem on a corpse, in which he sings the faith of a materialist and praises the immortality of matter. For all the strange theme, he does it rather well. The Cuban coloured poet, Plácido, a foundling, earned his living by improvising songs and verse and achieved some truly moving poems that live on in the literary tradition of the island. Julio Arboleda and José Eusebio Caro from Colombia wrote lyrical and contemplative pieces (the former particularly influenced by Byron) of very rigid formal perfection; the Venezuelans show the influence of the Spanish Romantic poet Zorrilla. In Brazil, Andrade, usually known by his Christian names

of José Bonifacio, wrote the earliest romantic verse and exploited the patriotic theme with great success, and remains Brazil's poet of the fatherland. But Brazilians have succeeded more in the novel: Macedo began his long series of novels on ordinary families in 1844, Alencar published his *O Guarany* (on an Indian theme) in 1857. Then there is the late Romantic, Taunay, who wrote the famous *Inocencia*, a novel of the simple life on the up-country ranches, and several other novels.

In Spanish-speaking America the novel was much slower to develop and even now is often marred artistically by an otherwise admirable concern for social reform.

Maria, a romantic, sentimental novel from Colombia by Jorge Isaacs, has achieved the fame of translation into many languages since it first



Architectural contrast: the facade of the church of La Merced, Lima, Peru; below, flats in Caracas, Venezuela



appeared in 1867, but it is too long for its tenuous, tender theme of doomed love. But it is the earliest example of the modern novel thoroughly acclimatised to South America and vividly conveys the local colour of the beautiful natural setting in which the story is placed. The Argentinian Mármol's *Amalia* preceded it in 1851, and is an interesting piece of work, reminiscent of Eugène Sue, again too long and too tied to its political theme, for it is a *roman à clef* of the times of the tyrant Rosas. But it is invaluable for the understanding of an obscure and difficult period of Argentinian history.

The greatest figure of all modern Latin American literature is without question Rubén Darío, of Nicaragua. Born in 1867, he was the central figure in the literary movement known as Modernismo, and exercised an important influence not only on the whole of Spanish America but also on the progress of Spanish poetry and prose. His output was immense and at first closely allied to current Spanish Peninsular fashions; he then came to know Baudelaire, Mallarmé, Verlaine, and, very important, Spanish medieval poetry, and the whole, mixed up in the crucible of one of the alertest minds poetically that has ever thought in the Spanish language, produced a great new mood and mode of poetry in Spanish. It corresponds somewhat to the 'nineties and the *Yellow Book* in this country, but had much greater depth and strength and diverged into many different paths as the older poets of the movement died and new men took their place. It was the most important thing that happened to Spanish poetry in the nineteenth century and was the first instalment of the repaying of the debt of the former Spanish colonies to the source of their cultural tradition. Rubén Darío wrote also short stories: exotic, poignant, vivid.

As the Modernista movement progressed, the Spanish American novel developed to full maturity, especially in the hands of writers from Argentina and Uruguay (though later, say since 1915, Mexico and Venezuela have produced clusters of profound or stirring novels). The most famous of these Modernista novels is the *Glory of Don Ramiro*, published in 1908 by Enrique Larreta and admirably translated into English by Mr. L. B. Walton. It is typical of its period and of one facet of the movement that gave it birth: for it is a long, historical novel of sixteenth-century Spain, written in carefully wrought prose, one of the triumphs of modern Spanish prose style, and touching on Spanish America only in the last pages where the 'glory' of Don Ramiro is simply that Ramiro, after a lifetime of tragedy and failure in Spain, arrives in Lima to take his revenge on society by brigandage, and is turned from his evil ways by that most enchanting figure in all Latin American history—the young girl, Rosa de Santa María, known

to history and the world as St. Rose of Lima, who, when he dies as the result of an act of charity, prays for him by the side of his dead body.

And now what of the present? There is vigorous literary movement everywhere in Latin America today and it is impossible to do more than pinpoint a name here and there: Gabriela Mistral, the Nobel Prize winner of Chile, whose simple lyrics on the elementary themes of life and love have a universal appeal, and Pablo Neruda, her fellow countryman, whose difficult poetry in the surrealist manner reaches dark and tragic depths in human experience, in rhythms and imagery that haunt the reader. Among other lyrical poets now writing are the Afro-Cuban, Nicolás Guillén, a Marxist who expresses the sorrows of the people in heart-rending lament in the bitter colloquialisms of contemporary speech. His name brings to mind that of Brazil's Jorge de Lima, who combines extreme social indignation, an intense enjoyment of the Afro-Brazilian elements, surrealist methods of composition, and a strange religious fervour of a Catholic complexion.

In Peru, Ciro Alegría has written several novels round the subject of the Indian peasant of the mountains. *Broad and Alien is the World*, which has been translated by Mrs. Harriet Onís, has already won recognition abroad. Ecuador, Colombia, and Mexico have their novelists and lyrical poets, too.

In the other arts, painting, sculpture, music, every capital has some interesting development to show, as the names of the composers, Villa-Lobos and Chávez, of Brazil and Mexico respectively, remind us.

As we survey Latin American culture as a whole, we naturally ask ourselves whether we can find some brief and telling way of defining its characteristics. I think we may try, provided we realise it would be absurd to cling too closely to such descriptions and definitions. From its beginnings, Latin American culture has been characterised by a certain luxuriance and love of splendour. Latin Americans seem to have developed a keener appreciation of natural beauty than we find in Spaniards or Portuguese. It is no surprise considering the awe-inspiring grandeur of their surroundings. The Iberian lyricism of the Peninsula has been reinforced by the Indian melancholy and African musicality of the other races inhabiting Latin America: it does not surprise us, then, to find that in literature their greatest achievement has been in lyrical poetry and that that lyricism tends to overflow into prose forms. A spirit of biting criticism has been present in their literature since earliest times: today, it leads both their artists and their writers to a passionate concern for social justice, and to an almost apocalyptic vision of a future in which men and women of all races shall dwell in harmony and peace.—*Third Programme*

The Revolt of the American Authors

By MARY McCARTHY

PLUS ça change, plus c'est la même chose: sooner or later, everything in the United States takes on the character of a large-scale business. Even those activities which, since the dawn of time, have run in the red—charity, art, religion—emulate the performance of business and behave like public utilities. An unremarked instance is the business of highbrow writing. Everybody knows about the commercialism of lowbrow writing and middlebrow writing—the book clubs and the best-seller list, which rationalise book sales along the lines of mass merchandising. But there is an impression, or rather an abiding faith, that highbrow writing and the criticism that attaches to it belong to a different order—a Bohemian, rather ratty temple shunned by the money-changers. Good books don't sell, it is said; criticism doesn't sell; poetry doesn't sell. On the whole, this is true, and if you judged only by the best-seller list, you would conclude that the production and marketing of culture was not a business but a philanthropy.

Yet something has been marketed. The poet-artist-critic has never been more prosperous, even though his books, issued in minute quantities, are remaindered on virtually the day of publication. He has a comfortable house or apartment, books, liquor, phonograph records, a car, a wife and children and television if he wants them; the cavities in his teeth left over from his earlier period have been filled by a competent dentist. Moreover, he is getting fat. Something, evidently, has sold. You will not find what it is by searching among his publica-

tions; he contemns professional journalism and writes, by preference, for little magazines that pay him in prestige. Nevertheless, he has made good, serving both God and Mammon in a characteristically American way: the thing he has sold, to universities and foundations and book clubs of the better type, is himself, his power of salesmanship. As a consultant, teacher, lecturer, project-director, symposium-attender, he has sold, not his own product but the product of others—the souls of poets dead and gone, the *mana* of high culture.

This is, I think, a new phenomenon in the world. On the surface, it looks like patronage, a very old phenomenon. The individual patron, it would appear, has been replaced by an institutional patron, the foundation or university. The poet's perennial complaint to his purse is mailed off, in triplicate, with character testimonials, to a new source of largesse. But the more one examines the picture, the more one sees that it is not a question of largesse or patronage. The poet has a commodity to sell; a real bargain has been struck. His poems figure in this bargain only as a kind of accreditation; they give him the right or licence to practise the broader arts of culture-salesmanship, when he endorses books, edits anthologies, presides at symposia; the poems qualify him as an expert, like the white gowns and stethoscopes of those physicians who are photographed in advertisements, endorsing toothpastes, cereals, and vitaminised products generally.

The poet-artist-critic, as you find him in humanities courses, in

writers' conferences, and in the consultant's chair of foundations and book societies and publishing houses, is engaged in advertising and promotion, not of a specific product but of a class of products that are supposed to be beneficial to humanity. It is a case of institutional advertising—that is, advertising which is not out to sell anything directly but to create good will for a large firm, like advertisements that are taken in the newspapers reprinting editorials, 'as a public service', or like the advertisements that were run during the war by automobile companies that had no actual cars in the salesrooms. In this strange dimension, commerce and public education meet.

Beginnings of a Success-Story

This success-story, for the writer, began in a very modest way, like all success stories, about twenty years ago. It is a story that parallels, in a sense, the history of the 'natural' bread made by a housewife in Connecticut that is now a huge national seller among those who 'know' and imitated by older, un-'natural' bread companies. Our culture, it was suddenly discovered, *circa* 1933, was lacking in essential nutrients; literature and art, especially as they were taught in the universities, were dead, sterile, mechanical, academic. The new literature, if it were taught at all, consisted of Masefield and Galsworthy. The life, the wheat-germ, was milled out of literature between the grindstones of historical scholarship and academic philistinism.

At that time, the poet-artist-critic, himself poor, threadbare, and defiant, was invited, though with trepidation, to the universities, to enrich the freshman literature course. The experiment was a dazzling success. The students learned to read, helped by a series of handbooks on how to understand a poem or a novel or a short story; they discovered irony and were on the watch, like air-spotters, for symbols; they were no longer required to seek out the author's intention, which was probably irrelevant to his deeper meaning; they were cautioned to be wary of the literal and never to read for the plot; a serious reader was not supposed to rush ahead to find out what happened to the hero. And he was introduced to all sorts of exciting modern writers: Kafka, John Donne, Aristotle. The movement spread from the experimental private colleges to the conservative private colleges, to the vast state universities; today, even in the mid-west tall-corn country, the Bible Belt, the prairies, the gaunt mountain towns, there is hardly a college too primitive to have its own formidable New Critic in residence and, in the summertime, a writers' conference, with visiting celebrities, like the old Chatauqua circuit or evangelical camp meeting.

Writers are booked in, like variety acts, sometimes for a one-night stand, sometimes for a week's run, sometimes for a summer; an author may speak one day in Iowa City, the next in Columbia, Missouri; the next in Aspen, Colorado. And the audiences vary from place to place: besides the English department and the students, there are the local *crème de la crème*, nuns, retired clergymen learning to be pulp writers, old gold prospectors, widow-ladies, prosperous farmers, insane people. The fees may be enormous or very small; the author may come merely for his expenses, in the hope of picking up another fee in the territory. He may be paid to give an hour's talk, to criticise student manuscripts, to read from his own works, to advise, or simply to sit on the stage with other authors, where the audience can look at him. Fame is not requisite; an author can make good in the writers' conference circuit by word-of-mouth advertising among the professors who run these affairs. 'Does he deliver?' is the question asked, confidentially, out of the corner of the mouth; if he delivers, it does not matter whether the audience knows who he is. They know he is an author. Often, a writer will agree to one of these speaking engagements in the hope that he will sell his books that way; this hope is almost always mistaken. If the college book-store remembers to order a stack of his most recent novel or volume of poems, the stack will wait in vain on the table to be autographed and sold; it is kinder if the college book-store forgets. Being an author on a platform is a sort of transcendental condition; it does not relate to being read.

Here is the curious point. What happens now is not at all like the lecture-days of Dickens or Walpole. Walpole today would not rate a college invitation; Dickens might, but in frowning despite of his popularity. And yet these enterprises are profitable to the colleges that run them. There is a market for highbrow authors—that is, for a generalised, hypostatized culture—but there is not a market for highbrow books. The one, in fact, appears to kill the other. If the author—with rare exceptions—gives good value in his talk, if he 'delivers', the audience tends to conclude that he is not worth reading; they are disappointed because they understand him. Moreover, he has a secret foe: the very man sitting beside him on the platform and clapping politely;

the man who introduced him. This is what has happened in the course of twenty years: the poet-artist-critic in residence has become the arch-enemy of the transient author, the bird of passage who has come to say a few words.

It is not primarily a case of literary jealousy, though of course there is an element of that; the poet-artist-critic in residence, in his years of bureaucratic ease, may have ceased to be a writer, except in name. But in today's universities, the ancient envy of the writer *manqué* for the productive writer has been sublimated in a profound sense of superiority. The writer in residence feels superior to the visiting writer for the very simple reason that he has been teaching the visiting writer's works; he knows them better than the author. He has included the visiting writer's short stories or poems in a little anthology or textbook on which he is receiving royalties; he has interpreted his symbols, diagrammed his plots, classified him as lyric, mock-lyric, pastoral, satiric. In short, he has established a corner in the writer's product, and the writer, in so far as he might voice an opinion about his own work—a critical opinion or definition, that is—is an illegitimate, fly-by-night competitor.

If highbrow writing functions today like a large-scale business, its executives are the new professors and critics, each with his speciality, like an advertising man who is responsible for a certain 'account'. They are expected to discover new writers from time to time, or new-old writers, like Tolstoy, who is about due; they are paid, by their colleges, by foundations and round tables and forums, to announce new trends, assess the total situation of American culture, to keep in touch with the market as a whole. From this broad point of view, the mere writer is in the position of the worker or inventor or engineer *vis-à-vis* the capitalist with vision; he imagines he is indispensable but there is always another writer who can be 'sold' to the public.

The American writer was slow to catch on to what was happening in the big literary trusts and combines that make up the official highbrow literary world. For him, the enemy remained the old-fashioned, middle-class philistine, whose daughters and sons, happily, were being taught at last how to read, with attention to the symbolism and the various levels of meaning, in the remedial clinics of the colleges, with real poets in attendance. The writers, in fact, naively welcomed the alliance with the academy; they looked eagerly on the bright side and regarded the new movement in teaching as a Trojan horse containing *their* warriors, not suspecting that it might be the other way round.

Revolt by the Old and Great

Recently, however, their eyes have been opened. There are stirrings of revolt. It is a revolt, strangely enough, of old men; the young poets and novelists are afraid of the big literary trusts. But the old writers, the very poets and novelists who are glorified in the academy, have suddenly shaken their locks in anger. Faulkner, I have heard, objects to the canonification of his work, to the authoritative 'interpretations' placed on his fictions by scholastic critics; the same is said of Robert Frost. They see an attempt to alienate them from the product of their toil, a new form of exploitation. And among writers of the middle-years, these tales of the great are whispered, like passwords in a resistance movement. For the first time in many years, in serious literary circles, it is possible to criticise the critics, and behind them the academy and the foundations, without the haunting fear that you may be aiding the cause of American Know-nothingism. For the first time, it is felt that the alliance with the academy may be dangerous to the living arts. The very youthfulness of many of the new-style pedants, the soft pink cheek and crew haircut, coupled with the air of assurance and the business-like style of operation, strikes terror into the literary heart. American efficiency is chilling, a foretaste of science-fiction millennia, when it moves in, with its equipment, its loudspeakers and tape-recorders, on the intangibles, while it talks briskly of the 'strategies' of a poem.

The writer warms to the revolt and promises himself that in the long run he will win, when he and the critics are dead and his works belong to the world indivisibly. But the immediate prospect is bleak, for the visiting writer, together with his colleague in the academy, has forgotten how to starve.—*Third Programme*

The Christmas lectures for juveniles which are held each year at the Royal Institution, 21 Albemarle Street, London, W.1, will be given by J. A. Ratcliffe, Reader in Physics at the University of Cambridge. The subject of the lectures will be 'The Uses of Radio Waves' and they will take place on December 29 and 31, 1953, and January 2, 5, 7, and 9, 1954, at 3 p.m.

What Russian Children Read

By HELEN RAPP

MUCH of today's Soviet writing for children, if translated into English, would easily gain parental approval and be read by English children without surprise. Some might even give great delight and gain much popularity. Children in Russia and England like to read much the same things. Nevertheless, there are striking and quite fundamental differences between English and Soviet books for children, not the least being that in Russia children's books are published by the state, on a systematic and planned basis, whereas in the west they sprout in publishers' lists in a free, ungoverned, and incalculable way. This very marked element of planning in the production of Soviet children's literature makes it possible, far more than it would be in the west, to generalise from a few examples chosen almost at random—and were it not so, the subject would be quite unmanageable, for the most striking thing about Soviet children's literature is its sudden and prolific growth.

Chekhov's Complaint

Before the Revolution there was no regular publication of children's books—they just cropped up from time to time. Some of Russia's great writers tried to fill the gap, but at the end of the nineteenth century Chekhov still found reason to complain: 'There are no books for children. There are books about cats and dogs—that's not children's literature: it's dogs' literature'.

Shortly before and after the Revolution, Maxim Gorky and Kornei Chukovsky made a first attempt to tackle the subject systematically. Chukovsky wrote several interesting articles on children's language, stressing their creative approach to words, and produced some wholly delightful verses for children in the spirit and rhythm of language which he was advocating. I will give you presently some small examples of his work in translation. Gorky, who still dominates the Russian literary scene, formulated guiding principles which, to some extent, foreshadowed the books that were to follow. Children, he proclaimed, should be brought up to be life's masters, not its slaves. Real life was the best teacher. Children, in Gorky's words 'have a love for the unusual and colourful. The unusual and colourful in the Soviet Union are all those new things which the revolutionary energy of the working class is achieving'. He called, for instance, for a book about how man became a giant, about how science increased our sight (telescope, television), our hearing (telephone, wireless), our legs (transport), our hands (remote control), and so on. These achievements of man were to be presented entertainingly, without moralising, and, above all, in beautiful and simple language.

One can trace these precepts of Gorky's in the books Soviet children read today. The first thing that strikes the western parent is what they do *not* read: they have no comics, no Wild West tales, no detective stories, no romances glorifying violence or crime or even the struggle against crime. I do not wish to pronounce any judgments, but I have the impression that—whatever else they may do—Soviet children in their day-dreams do not rush around waving six-shooters, or fighting battles against gangsters, or zooming through the ether in moon-bound space-ships. I have not yet come across modern science fiction of the death-ray or inter-stellar warfare kind. Altogether—except for the traditional Russian fairy tales which are a thing apart—the fantastic, for better or worse, is absent.

The unusual and colourful are provided by the more eventful moments of Russian history (the Crimean war, the revolutionary period, or the last war) or in the romantic setting of some of the far-flung and little-known regions of the Soviet Union (Siberia, the Altai mountains) or in adventure stories where childish credulity is not strained beyond, say, the possibility of an outside submarine linked with the shore by an under-water tunnel. There is a whole class of books, published as 'A Library of Adventure', which presents adventure in the form of exciting historical, ethnographical, or scientific instruction, but which, stripped of their narrative, would not disgrace a text-book. The approach to children's literature in the Soviet Union is serious, even earnest, and as the books are published not by individual and unco-ordinated firms

but by the state, there is a certain amount of uniformity and a great deal of system in the aims of the books issued.

As in the west, they are roughly divided into three groups suitable for three different age levels, but in Russia each book clearly states the age group for which it is intended. The greatest variety is found among the books for teenagers, where you have adventure tales, straightforward stories of children's everyday life at home and at school, historical novels, and purely scientific books, such as a story of experiments with plants in a botanical garden outside Leningrad to produce bigger, better, and juicier berries. This age-group also comes in for the greatest amount of teaching, by which I mean the whole range from general moral and character-forming instruction to the repetitive drumbeats of communist and patriotic propaganda. Children's literature, where it does not seek merely to amuse or thrill, is necessarily educational. Propaganda apart—and Soviet children get their propaganda in magazines rather than books—it is interesting to get a glimpse of what is good or bad in the eyes of Soviet pedagogues. The virtues extolled are on the Spartan side: self-discipline, honesty towards oneself and others, simplicity, the importance of being natural, comradeship, and, overshadowing all others, the dominant virtue of perseverance, hard work and doing things the hard way. If there is one theme which Soviet children's books stress a little more than any other it is that of the need to face and master difficulties.

This lesson of doing things the hard way, of the value of education, of the need for self-improvement, has one of its clearest examples in a short tale for younger children called *Three Brave Ones*. Three children, out fishing, find a message in a floating bottle which says: 'Dear Friends, if you are brave and courageous, set out on a journey at once. If you encounter difficulties, continue on your way all the same'. The 'Three Brave Ones' come to a cross-roads and find a letter saying that there are two roads leading to the same place. The road to the left is a simple one, the one to the right is fraught with difficulties. One of the boys chooses the easy road, finds a whole jarful of strawberries and is given a lift in a lorry which takes him back home. The other two take the hard road, fight their way through bracken, cross rivers, and end up at a holiday camp on the banks of a far-away lake which is famous for its wonderful and plentiful fish. They are amply rewarded for their perseverance.

Historical Novels

It is perhaps not only my fault as an uninspired interpreter if all this tends to seem just a little on the drab side, although I should add that all the books I have mentioned present their stories entertainingly and probably have no difficulty in holding the attention of their young readers. But rather more colour is brought into the young Russian's reading matter by the historical novels. It may be worth noting in passing that those I have read make no attempt to distort or misrepresent the past to suit any present Soviet purpose, although there is a tendency—which is perhaps not confined to Russia—to see in the people, in the movements and actions of the many, the main force in history. In line with a tradition of writing of which Tolstoy was the outstanding example in Russia, it is the people rather than the isolated statesman or leader who are the protagonists in Soviet historical novels for children. Their aim is to make history lessons more palatable, and with a sensitive and intuitive touch characteristic of some Russian writing they achieve this by viewing history through the eyes of a small child. Little snatches of conversation which children overhear from the grown-ups, together with their elders' nervousness, fear, or indignation which the child senses, are understood in a peculiar child perspective. Out of chaos the child creates a world which has no bearing on reality but which, to him, is very vivid.

This way of presenting the world from inside a child's mind is a peculiar achievement of Russian literature from the time of Aksakov's *Family Chronicle* and Tolstoy's *Childhood*. It is a tradition that is being kept alive, but is now presented about children *for* children, whereas in the last century its appeal was to the adult.

The same understanding for what is unsophisticated, natural and alive comes out in the books about plants and animals. Some of them, in the wealth and pure beauty of their language, and in their refreshingly unsentimental approach, remind me of Williamson's *Tarka the Otter*. Sometimes, however, Soviet books seem to a western reader to become excessively dry in their earnest informativeness, as in a story about gooseberries and how to grow them, how to improve them by grafting, how to classify the various types of gooseberries, how to test suitable soils, and so on. But, by and large, such is normally the total extent of their 'indoctrination'—with one startling exception that came my way.

A book was published in 1951 under the title *The Story of the Miraculous Dandelion*. It is written in collaboration with an agricultural scientist and tells of the discovery of a rubber plant in the Soviet Union. But with the tale of the discovery, investigation, and cultivation of this miraculous weed there is also woven into the book a history—if history it can indeed be called—of rubber in the capitalist world which is the crudest anti-capitalist propaganda I have come across. Germany, the arch-enemy, and America, the potential enemy, are uncommonly interested in getting hold of this weed, and some foreign scientist even tries to steal the seeds at an agricultural exhibition. The book is such a jumble of botanical information, defence of Lysenko theories, and anti-capitalist propaganda as to stand out sharply from the general run of children's books. It is a bad book also from the point of view of mere presentation, for no child could absorb so much different and diverse information even if the information were correct.

I have saved up for the end the pleasure of looking at the books Soviet Russia produces for her youngest readers. The books for older children are marked by a certain uniformity and a certain amount of implicit political teaching—it is a good child's ultimate aim to be accepted into the Komsomol. Their style and language is usually simple and, on occasions, pedestrian. The nursery of Soviet literature presents a different picture. One is tempted to think that where politics do not have to enter, the writer is glad to be able to let himself go, in imagination, in language, in illustration.

Colour, Rhythm, and Humour

There is a veritable fairground of fun, of colour, rhythm, and humour. There is more imaginative grasp of a child's young eagerness and far less whimsicality than our children are sometimes exposed to, and none of that facile foreshortening, that false child's perspective which is really designed with an eye on the delighted adult. Where the older children read mainly prose, the small children have much of their reading in verse. This is naturally of uneven quality but sometimes reaches flashes of genius, as in some of the poems of Marshak, of Barto, and in those of Chukovsky, that master of Russian jingle and rhyme. The poems, intended to teach children their native language, have definite rhythm and very clear rhymes and there is a great play on words, puns being a great favourite with children. Marshak has a delightful little poem about a garden, a garden which wakes up in the morning, washes, goes for a walk, has lunch, sleeps, plays with toys—and is of course a kindergarten. The animals in these poems, incidentally, rarely behave like human beings, as, for instance, in Grahame's *The Wind in the Willows*. If they are made to talk, it is usually to show up their own characteristics, much as in fables. And there seem to be no animated toys, in the manner of, say, Enid Blyton. Russian toys do not make off on their own to take a trip to the seaside or in other ways try to parallel human life. They remain starting points for childish imagination. The boy beats his drum and sees himself on a parade ground, he strides his rocking horse on imaginary excursions. Ultimately, it is what the child does with the toys that goes into Russian children's books, not what the toys do on their own. No confusion is created about the world surrounding the child, his toy cupboard is not full of 'pathetic fallacies'.

These books for the small child also stand out by being printed more legibly and on better paper than the average Soviet product, and there is colour and originality in the illustrations. This applies also to the traditional fairy tales which are republished periodically with colourful pictures in the old Russian style, and of which admirable children's films have been made. But there is something in the very presentation and approach of a fairy tale which prevents all these hunchback horses and under-water princesses from getting mixed up in the child's mind with his everyday world, a careful though not derogatory setting apart of this world of magic in which the retention of the traditional stylised illustrations plays no small part. The draughts-

manship of Soviet book illustrations is often of a very high order. In children's books it is supported by strong and imaginative colours: a free and powerful use of, say, dark greens and reds or purple, a readiness to exploit the darker, deeper, even gloomier end of the palette which seems very alive, seizes the child's visual imagination in no uncertain manner, and appeared to me very welcome after the faint and sweetish pastel shades feebly decorating some of the western publications for children.

The Detgiz—or Publishing House for Children—provides its reading public also with a wide range of monthly periodicals. In many of these political propaganda is far more marked than in the books: I have some numbers where nearly the first half of each paper is devoted to poems and songs in praise of Stalin, the Soviet Union, various youth movements, and the international peace campaign. But apart from this the periodicals, like the books, cater for different age groups and for a great diversity of interests. These papers, which are printed in large numbers, suffer from a somewhat uninspiring appearance—faded small print on yellowish paper—with the exception again of the magazine for the small children called *Murzilka*, which allows as much space for pictures as for the large and clear print, has light, amusing, and witty stories and verses, and manages at the same time to be unobtrusively informative.

Poems with a Fairy-tale Element

I would like to give you an idea of some poems for children by Chukovsky in an English translation. Chukovsky, who was already a well-known critic at the time of the Revolution, is not altogether typical of today's Soviet literature for children. There is in these poems a fairy-tale element which, as I have said, is no longer a general feature, and which Chukovsky acknowledged by expressly publishing these poems under the title of *Fairytales*. But although they are not typical, they are still very popular and indicative of Soviet writing for children at its lively best.

Here is just an extract from 'The Knight of the Bath', a poem about a boy who did not want to wash:

The eiderdown fled	Shot
From my bed	Straight into the sink!
And the sheet	
From my feet,	What's the matter?
And the pillow-slip	Skitter-scatter
Sped	Every plate
Hop-a-skip	And every platter
From my head;	Whirling,
And the light	Twirling,
Took fright	Swirls around
And nipped	In the air
Into a drawer;	And on the ground!
And my books and my toys	A watering can
In a trice	And a steak
With a pattering noise	Play catch-as-catch can
Like mice	With a cake;
Hurried	And the cake
And scurried	With a trowel,
And slid	And the trowel
All over the floor	With a towel,
And hid!	And the towel
I wanted a drink,	With a bowl
And what do you think?	(A big bright bowl)
The coffee pot	And a rake!

and so on. And here is Dr. Concocter, somehow reminiscent of our Dr. Dolittle, rushing off to Africa to cure animals.

Doctor	Are sure
Concocter	Of a cure
Sits under a tree.	For their head-aches
He's ever	And measles.
so clever,	Hippo
(He has a degree!)	Or rhino
All the hares	Or otter
And the bears	Or setter . . .
And the snakes	Doctor
And the weasels	Concocter
	Will make them all better.

Then he gets:

An urgent request	Our hippo-babies
From the hippos who live	Who are sick as sick can be!
in the South!	'You don't mean it?'
'Come to Africa, to Africa,	'Yes, we do!
As quick as quick can be!	They've got chicken-pox and 'flu,
Come and save	They've got cholera and mumps,
	And they've all come up in lumps!

And here is how he cures them:

Doctor
Concocter
Comes up at a gallop,
He's treating
Each tum
With a prod and a wallop,
He's dosing

The hippos
With marzipan slices
With gooseberry fool
And with spicy white ices,
He's sounding
Their chests
And he's testing their lungs,

He's sticking
Thermometers
Under their tongues

Over
And over
Again!

I have spoken about the two main differences between Russian children's literature and our own—the propaganda for teenagers and the absence of violent science fiction and comics, but I think we may conclude that, basically, Russian children are entertained much in the same way as our own.—*Third Programme*

Sainte-Beuve: The Critic as Moralist

By ALAN PRYCE-JONES

IF you look up Sainte-Beuve in the index of Henri Clouard's history of modern French literature, you will find no page references: just the word *passim*; and if you go on to Albert Thibaudet's account of the matter, you will find Sainte-Beuve accorded the same primary place in the field of criticism as Balzac in that of the novel, and Hugo of poetry. Do not, therefore, be misled by the size of André Billy's two stout volumes* into wondering whether he has exaggerated Sainte-Beuve's stature among the writers of his time. Rather, I believe one can go further and set up Sainte-Beuve as the prototype of a particular kind of modern mind. In André Billy's biography this suggestion is only implicit; he shows him with careful detail in relation to his loves, his friends, his opinions. Billy adopts the technique of the antiquarian who takes a rubbing from an old brass: an ideal figure is laid out flat, and then transferred in painstaking black and white to the page. To the specialist the record is beautifully clear, but the ordinary person may perhaps tire of so minute a portrait. That is why I propose to make a quick sketch in high relief.

Like many other good writers, Sainte-Beuve started as a medical student; and in 1823 he left his birthplace at Boulogne for Paris and began a four-year course which was never finished—for in the meantime he had met Victor Hugo as the result of a critical article on Hugo's verse, and from that time he found himself a professional writer. For forty-five years he wrote for a living, first in poverty, then in relative ease: first nursing hopes of achieving greatness among the purely imaginative, and then turning away from poetry and the novel to become the greatest of literary journalists. At thirty-nine he was elected to the Academy, at sixty to the Senate; and five years later, not long before the outbreak of the Franco-Prussian war, he died; unmarried, not greatly, or often, loved; sometimes feared; and generally respected.

An unremarkable life, you may think; and, for years at a stretch, a perfectly regular one. During the composition of his *Causeries du Lundi* he was committed to writing a weekly article of twelve large pages; up at five, therefore, he spent the day at work on a diet of tea and biscuits, cheese and dried fruits. With his secretary, he discussed the article to come, and, where it could be useful, he interviewed his subject; then, with the help of a group of librarians, he carried out the necessary documentation. On Wednesdays, he shut himself up to compose his piece; on Thursdays he dictated it; on Fridays he made the last moment corrections; he allowed himself one day a week for other tasks. And though, with the passing of time, he came to know—as the phrase goes—'everybody', he allowed personal relations to distract him as little as possible. Apart from one essential love-affair—with Madame Victor Hugo—he contented himself in the main with waitresses and washerwomen. No, it was not a very remarkable life.

Yet that does not mean that he was not a very remarkable man. As André Billy says, 'A critic of his kind is not a judge. Sainte-Beuve wished only to be an observer, an analyst, and a depictor. Such was his his vocation, and he fulfilled it with genius'. And then Billy goes on, rightly, to say that he succeeded because any faith he may have held by the way finally merged into one overwhelming faith: in the intelligence as the best part of mankind—but without adopting of mankind too optimistic a view, or in any way setting himself above the ordinary lot of his fellows, either for good or for evil.

In other words, he was a moralist, a more extensive, because nineteenth-century, Montaigne; furthermore, unlike Montaigne, he had to earn his living. But if we accept the affinity it becomes much easier to explain the apparent contradictions which trouble the surface of

Sainte-Beuve's critical faculty. Unlike Montaigne, though, he was a natural under-dog. He did not possess that combination of qualities which Cyril Connolly has isolated as the components of success in private-school life—and therefore in the conventional world. 'Character plus Prettiness' is the formula Connolly recommends, on the grounds that 'Prettiness alone is suspect like intellect alone but prettiness that is good at games means "character" and is safe'.

Sainte-Beuve was certainly not pretty: his egg-shaped head, his pale skin, thick mouth, long nose, were curiously unappealing; then, as he was difficult of temper, timid and changeable, he could hardly lay claim to 'character'. In fact, he was born to follow in the wake of others. Not surprisingly, perhaps, after an early indulgence in sentimental religiosity, he turned towards the followers of Saint-Simon. He was then twenty-five; he was in love with the devout and uncompromising Adèle Hugo; his natural liberalism was soon disgusted by the conduct of those who had come to power with Louis Philippe at the revolution of 1830; and Father Enfantin, the Saint-Simonist who tried to unite religion and science in the sphere of social responsibility, offered a way out. 'We can already count on him entirely', Enfantin wrote; but the last word is with André Billy, 'One could never count entirely on Sainte-Beuve'. Hugo himself had already discovered as much after Sainte-Beuve had been briefly allied to him as leader of the Romantics. And before very long Lammenais, as a Catholic democrat, and the Swiss pastor, Alexandre Vinet, as a Protestant, were to discover how far Sainte-Beuve could go in sympathy without actually committing himself.

It would be possible to put forward this trait as one not only disappointing but futile. There, in the person of Sainte-Beuve, is a young man proposing to harvest the fruits of both imagination and intellect, yet the very moment in which he decides to develop his intellect, the very moment in which he sets up as a professional critic, coincides with the abandonment of all dogmatic strictures; having tried a number of things, he dismisses the lot. More than a generation later, in a letter to Zola, he made it clear that in his eyes the faculty of criticism was irreconcilable with any passionately held belief.

What are the extenuating circumstances? First of all, a compulsive love of the truth. He would never go further than he thought—so that he could always justify the assertion he once made in a letter: 'On anything in the world I would give way—but not on the written word when once I think I have pronounced. That is my weakness: will you forgive me for it?' And again, he was a real, if sceptical, radical, even under the appearances of a conservative elder welcoming the Second Empire. There is, therefore, a level at which all his contradictions are resolved. He could not make assertions in which he did not wholly believe, and the field in which such assertions were possible appeared to him, after constant experiment limited to the scope of human intelligence. For instance, it cannot be doubted that the writer of *Port-Royal* was a man of acute religious sensibility. He can be seen, for years on end, clinging to the remnants of his Catholicism; and his conservative attitude after the *coup d'état* can be explained by two sentences written respectively nine and ten years later. The first is: 'Politics is not applied geometry, but the practice of medicine or a rule of hygiene'. And then, with more deliberate eloquence, 'What a noble problem in politics, economics, and public utility is that of seeking out and preparing the future, as it can be, as it lies fully extended before France under a leader who carries in his hand the power of Louis XIV and in his heart the democratic principles of the French Revolution'.

(continued on page 908)

* *Sainte-Beuve, Sa Vie et Son Temps*. By André Billy. Published in France by Flammarion and available in this country

NEWS DIARY

November 18-24

Wednesday, November 18

Mau Mau terrorists commit more murders in Kenya. Colonial Secretary makes statement in Commons on decision to send heavy bombers to Kenya

U.N. Political Committee votes in favour of private talks on disarmament between the Great Powers

Thursday, November 19

Houses of Parliament approve motions wishing the Queen a safe journey on her Commonwealth tour

Leaders of shipbuilding and engineering trade unions decide to call twenty-four-hour protest strike on December 2

The Labour Party retains seat in Holborn by-election

Friday, November 20

Names of Counsellors of State to act during the Queen's absence announced

Egypt demands suspension of polling in Sudan election and removal of British administrators in two provinces

President Eisenhower approves broader exchange of atomic information with United Kingdom and Canada

Saturday, November 21

U.S. representative at Panmunjom rejects new communist proposal about political conference on Korea

Italian Prime Minister again sees ambassadors of three Western Powers about Trieste

Sunday, November 22

Electoral Commission in Sudan rejects Egypt's request for postponement of polling in two provinces

General election takes place in Yugoslavia

Communist Secretary-General of French General Confederation of Labour is arrested on charges of plotting against the security of the state

Monday, November 23

H.M. the Queen and H.R.H. the Duke of Edinburgh leave London on tour of the Commonwealth

Three Britons arrested in Egypt 'for security reasons'

Sir Gladwyn Jebb, British representative at the United Nations, appointed Ambassador to France

Italy accepts invitation to take part in five-power talks on Trieste

Tuesday, November 24

The Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh arrive in Bermuda

French Assembly concludes debate on foreign policy



The scene at London Airport last Monday night as H.M. the Queen and H.R.H. the Duke of Edinburgh, boarded the strato-cruiser 'Canopus' for Bermuda on the first stage of their six-months' tour of the Commonwealth. Inset: the Queen waving goodbye from the doorway of the airliner



Princess Margaret visited Manchester on November 17 to reopen the Royal Exchange which was badly damaged by bombs during the war. Her Royal Highness is seen in the Great Hall being presented with a bouquet by a pupil of the Manchester Bluecoat School

Right: the New Zealand rugby team, the 'All Blacks', met the first defeat of their tour when they played Cardiff on November 21 and were beaten by 8 points to 3. The photograph shows Collins, Cardiff's second row forward (on one knee), getting the ball away to Willis

On November 21, the City of London received a copy of the Queen's letter to the City of London.

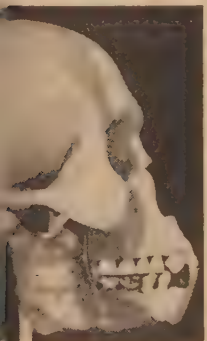
A reconstruction of the lower jaw of a modern ape. The pieces of the jawbone are shown in the photograph.



At the Guildhall, Mr. Clement Attlee, M.P., is presented with a casket containing a stone cross, carved by Colonel Carne during captivity in Korea, as a reward for his services.



Men of the 1st Battalion the Gloucestershire Regiment, led by Lieutenant-Colonel J. P. Carne, V.C., marching through Gloucester after attending a thanksgiving service in the Cathedral on November 22. During the service a stone cross, carved by Colonel Carne during captivity in Korea, was presented to the Dean of Gloucester for safe keeping.



The Piltdown skull, the jawbone of which has been proved to be those of a modern man, was discovered in Sussex in 1911.



At the Building Exhibition at Olympia: a bed-sitting room with all the conveniences of a complete house.



A November morning: the lake in St. James's Park, London. Left: Lorna, a young rhinoceros from Kenya, photographed on her arrival at the London Zoo last week.

(continued from page 905)

It is never wise to make firm assertions about others—Sainte-Beuve himself wrote that no one could hope to lay bare the springs of his actions except himself, and even he was not sure that he could manage it—but may it not be that he was above all a realist? He would have liked to live an obedient Catholic, but he could no more do so than maintain a faith in radicalism as a political solution. Billy sums up the matter by saying that 'by his very nature Sainte-Beuve was a man of the opposition. By close observation of the Romantic milieu, then of the Saint-Simon milieu, then of Lammenais' milieu, then of the republican milieu, then of the fashionable, Orleanist and academic milieu, he ended by seeing nothing but the faults of each'.

What remained, then? An immense curiosity, certainly, and a touching sense of participation in the human lot. At the time of his election to the Academy he wrote:

I have reached the point, perhaps as a secret excuse for my laziness, perhaps through a deeper perception of the principle that everything comes to the same thing in the end, of considering that, whatever I may or may not do, working in my library at a sustained task, scattering myself over newspaper articles, dispersing myself among people, giving my time to be devoured by bores and by those who need help, by assignations, by the chances of the street, by no matter whom or what, I never cease doing one same thing only, reading one same book, the endless, perpetual book of life and people, which nobody ever finishes, in which it is the wiser who read a little further. And so I read it at whatever page it may open, by fits and starts, the wrong way up, no matter! I never stop. The greater the medley, the more frequent the interruptions, the further I go in this book where one never gets beyond the middle; but the gain is to have opened it at all sorts of different places.

Critics of this complexion are not very much in vogue just now. We like, on the whole, to be much surer where we stand. We allow, for instance, T. S. Eliot a point this way or that in his assessment of Milton, but we do so because we feel fairly sure that he himself is fundamentally unchanged. Like someone adding up his weekly accounts, he discovers he has brought out the sum slightly wrong one week—but that fact does not call into question either the principles of mathematics or his general grasp of them. Or we admire F. R. Leavis for sticking, burr-like, to his points whatever seductions may have to be repelled in the process. We do not, however, very readily confide ourselves to someone who is neither a dogmatic nor a toady, who builds no systems, who excels in the art of empathy, who allows human weakness, tetchiness, an occasional sharp dislike, to colour his judgment. Even the range of his interest is slightly suspect. For instance, in the twelve years which followed 1849, Sainte-Beuve wrote three *Causeries* on the writers of antiquity, one on Firdoussi, one on St. Anselm, eight on writers of the Middle Ages, eighteen on the French sixteenth-century, seventy-four on the seventeenth, ninety-five on the eighteenth, over a hundred on the nineteenth, and a dozen or so on foreign writers. Such versatility would hardly be tolerated today, still less an appetite which also embraced the visual arts, and secondary tastes for teaching and travel.

Unappreciative of His Own Luck

All the same, we are not unfamiliar with his successors, even if we do not find them very congenial. For the trouble with most of the successors is that they lack either his honesty or his range. Instead of twelve pages, they have two weekly columns—if they are lucky—for their observations; and they are unlikely to be encouraged by their employers to devote much of their space to writers as uncommercial as Firdoussi and St. Anselm. It is cheering to see that Sainte-Beuve did not always appreciate his own luck. Before he became famous he wrote in a letter,

As I have no inward anchor, no fireside, no family, and as I am incapable of having them, I force myself to be more and more piratical. All that is because one has no money and for no other reason. No money, no leisure; no leisure, no love, . . . no poetry even, and too little friendship. . . . One is hard, or seems so, because one is in a hurry.

Even when he was an Academician, living on a comfortable income, he still wrote,

I am held back in Paris, if only by the duties of my situation—a light chain but a short one. . . . What I want would be, would have been, a small independence, without job or function, allowing me to spend several months a year in the country, in my own house, with the comforts and the liberty of a natural life—plenty of shadow when the sun is hot and long evening walks under the stars.

That is the outline of a critical temper with which the years have made us familiar. No time to rest, no time to think, no escape from the necessity of turning out the stuff week by week. It is almost exasperating that the stuff, in Sainte-Beuve's case, should be of such admirable quality, and the reader of André Billy's book will be tempted to delay over the occasions upon which Sainte-Beuve cuts an absurd figure. There is, for example, a memorable scene with his mother when he was rising forty, in the middle of which he cried out, 'You are driving me to despair. I am going to do something disastrous. I am going to break the clock'. When his mother replied in kind, he took the clock, stood it on the sofa, and shouted, 'That is too much. Now do you understand that I am out of control?' Madame Sainte-Beuve understood, it appears. Or there is a picture of Sainte-Beuve, towards the end of his life, a small fat man, proudly wearing a green umbrella from the Belle Jardinière on his left arm, unless the barometer had stood for weeks at 'Set Fair', and declaring 'It gives countenance'.

'Steady Sympathy with Ordinary People'

Rightly, however, André Billy does not linger over such scenes. His aim is to give Sainte-Beuve his due, to reinstate a critic who has to some extent been displaced by later and more polemical generations. I began by saying that he may be taken as the prototype of a particular kind of modern mind. I should not dare hope, however, that that mind is often to be found. It is a mind first of all devoted to the matter in hand, ardent, learned, humane. It is a mind which attaches great importance to detail, to getting facts just right, to shaping sentences just so, to using punctuation as an art. It is a mind which demands experience: the kind of experience which leads people to change allegiances and abandon cherished causes as soon as they see that they are in danger of betraying themselves. It is a sceptical mind, seldom contemptuous, never flaccid, sometimes exasperating. I like to think that in Sainte-Beuve's case it is a mind which owes some of its quality to a strain of English ancestry (his maternal grandmother was English, and he once annoyed the Goncourts by wishing that he had been born an Englishman); certainly he shared with the English a pragmatic vein and a steady sympathy with ordinary people which affected his attitude to public affairs throughout life. And I do not suppose that anyone has gone further in praise of him than an English contemporary of our own whose name I have already mentioned, Cyril Connolly—one of those who, like Saintsbury, Gosse, Leslie Stephen, Quiller-Couch, Desmond MacCarthy, derive some of their complexion of mind from Sainte-Beuve, even though they lack his immense resources of fecundity and range.

Connolly wrote, in the guise of Palinurus:

Intense emotion, a mixture of relief and despair, at reading Sainte-Beuve's notebook *Mes Poisons*, and discovering 'This is me'. This Elegiac, as he styled himself, who quoted as his my favourite lines of Latin poetry, and who summed up happiness as reading Tibullus in the country '*avec une femme qu'on aime*', who called himself '*le dernier des délicats*', who loved, suffered and was disillusioned, and who yet recognised love as the true source of happiness, who was sceptical of everyone and everything, a smaller man yet a better artist than his romantic contemporaries; who loved the eighteenth century but was never taken in, who hated puritans and prigs and pedants but knew how the wine of remorse is trodden from the grapes of pleasure, and who, with all his scholarship and self-analysis, was a Taoist at heart, respecting the essential mystery ('*le vrai, c'est le secret de quelques-uns*') and what he calls his '*âme pastorale*'—how deeply moving to listen to such a voice from the past which in the present becomes an inspiration! I feel like a cringing dog kicked about in a crowd, which, running down an alley, finds there silence, an apprehension of revelation, and then round a corner comes suddenly upon a huge dark doggy statue, a canine colossus from another age; awe-inspiring and faith-restoring, lending him courage and wishing him well.

—Third Programme

Sociologists will welcome a translation of the three papers by Durkheim, collected by Bouglé in 1924 and published under the title *Sociologie et Philosophie*. The translation by D. F. Pocock, *Sociology and Philosophy* (Cohen and West, 10s. 6d.), is skilfully done, and the papers themselves are indispensable for an understanding of Durkheim's theory of the relation between society and morality. The book includes an illuminating introduction by J. G. Peristiany.

* * * *

Miss Margery Fry's broadcast talk 'The Single Woman' has now been published with some additions under the same title by Delisle Ltd., 112 City Road, E.C.1, for 2s. 6d.

Letters to the Editor

The Editor welcomes letters on broadcasting subjects or topics arising out of articles or talks printed in THE LISTENER but reserves the right to shorten letters for reasons of space

Rumania in 1953

Sir,—The observations on Rumania made by Mme. Jean Popescu and reproduced in THE LISTENER of November 12, are well intentioned but go too far on some points. I have no more sympathy for the present regime in Rumania than has Mme. Popescu (I hope my articles in the English press are sufficient proof of that), but nobody serves the cause of democracy by painting the devil whiter or blacker than he is. Mme. Popescu does something of both.

She says that the Youth Festival was 'vaguely planned' and was made more grandiose as part of a belated inspiration, intended to distract attention from the excitements provoked by the arrest of Beria. In fact, the population of Rumania had been deliberately half-starved from the beginning of the year, so that ample supplies of food, fabrics, etc., should be available to give the visitors to the Festival the impression of a land of plenty. The order to distribute food from the packed warehouses went out on July 5, five days before the fall of Beria. The resultant impression of prosperity was carefully planned and not related to the fall of Beria, though it may, of course, have been very convenient to Rumanian communist leaders that their efforts should bear fruit just at that moment.

Mme. Popescu's figures on wages and the cost of living, on the other hand, might well be quoted back to Rumanian workers as evidence of the falsity of western propaganda. At the exchange rate of 30 lei to the £, average wages are not £3 a month, as Mme. Popescu asserts, but between £10 and £15. This is bad enough in a country ('one of the granaries of Europe', as it used to be called) in which white bread, for instance, costs 3s. 2½d. (4.80 lei) for a 2-lb. loaf and national bread 2s. (3 lei) for the same amount. Stakhanovites, besides, are much more favoured than Mme. Popescu suggests, since they earn between £30 and £50 a month, and enjoy many other advantages, as well. The comparison is not, however, of great importance as even Premier Gheorghiu-Dej himself (speech on the eve of the general election) puts the national total of stakhanovites at no higher than 7,500.

I hope this brief note may help to correct the no doubt unintentional inaccuracies of the talk quoted.—Yours, etc.,

London, S.W.5

DANIEL NORMAN

What Trieste Means to Italy

Sir,—Mr. Butler asks what my views are on the instances of fascist intolerance he quotes and on the Julian Free State he advocates. As to fascist intolerance I wish to make it quite clear that I disapprove of it no less strongly than he does; and I am glad to seize this occasion to express my unreserved condemnation of recent fascist attempts to turn the natural emotion caused by the Trieste incidents into a stick to beat the British. But this is the very point Mr. Butler would not concede: that the Italians are not to be identified as such with the fascists.

Bishop Santin's deeds and the fact that his denunciations of the police intrusion into a church (admitted in the official *communiqué*) was quoted are not enough evidence to support Mr. Butler's contention. His argument is as futile as the communist pretence that because

Mr. Syngman Rhee or Mr. Chiang Kai-shek or General Franco or Marshal Tito happen to be on the democracies' side, western democracy must be identified with fascist reaction. Should we have ignored Mr. Syngman Rhee's denunciation of communist aggression because Mr. Syngman Rhee happened to be Mr. Syngman Rhee?

As to Mr. Butler's question whether a Julian Free State would not hold a better prospect of peace than any other solution, my answer is NO, in capital letters. A Julian Free State would have no historical, ethnical, linguistic, or cultural foundation whatever, for there never existed such a thing as a Julian State or race or language or culture. It would be no solution at all, but merely a temporary, artificial device to break the existing deadlock, as the setting up of the Free Territory was in face of the disagreement between the British, Americans, and French who recognised the Italian character of it and the Russians who supported the Yugoslav claims. I do not know whether it would be in the interest of the British, as Mr. Butler states in his first letter—I very much doubt it—but I am sure it would *not* be in the interest of Italo-Yugoslav relations; for the Free State would become a permanent source of friction between the two countries, which would only wait for a favourable occasion in order to annex it. Recent experience, from Fiume to Danzig, provides enough evidence of this. Self-determination or partition along ethnical lines seems to me much firmer ground on which to build Italo-Yugoslav friendship. And here is where Mazzini comes in; for it was precisely on self-determination and on the attainment of full national unity by all states (and by Italy in particular) that his vision of a lasting peace and a brotherhood of nations rested.—Yours, etc.,

Milan

GIORGIO BORSA

The Christian Hope and its Rivals

Sir,—Your correspondent, Mrs. Alice Bostock, tells us that it is a mistake to imagine that Nirvana means the extinction of all personal existence. We are then told that it means the extinction of the self 'as a separate being', and also a vast 'expansion of consciousness'. But surely personal existence is just the consciousness of one's self as a separate being, and the possession of a private memory-chain of inner experiences recognised as 'mine'. If I lose this, I cease to be. It comes to precisely the same thing whether we call it extinction or absorption into the Whole.

The essential Christian conception is that this *separate individual* is of the utmost value—of such value that the Shepherd went out into the wilderness to seek *one* that was lost. The truly Christian mystic insists that one does not permanently lose self-consciousness in attaining union with God.

Apart, however, from any criticism which the Christian must bring to bear on the attempt to distinguish between being extinguished and losing one's self in God, the philosophical analyst would surely have something to say. To say that I shall exist at some future date, using words in their ordinary sense, is intelligible. But to say that I shall exist, not as an individual but 'in God', is to say something quite meaningless.

Yours, etc.,

Gainsborough

F. H. CLEBOURY

Task of the Critic of Architecture

Sir,—Admirable though Mr. Furneaux Jordan's broadcasts on art and architecture obviously are, I think that in one respect his talk in the series 'The Task of the Critic' (THE LISTENER, November 19) was misleading.

Using as his example the Royal Festival Hall, he says that the correct way to interpret modern architecture to the public should be by considering the client and by deciding whether his requirements have been met, and whether the building works efficiently from a technical standpoint. It is by this means that the layman can learn to understand a highly complex subject. A good building, he says, is 'the net result . . . of applying scientific and contemporary techniques to specific contemporary problems'.

All this is true—up to a point. It is very convenient for the critic to reduce architecture to solely scientific terms: he can prove beyond question the sense of the modern approach to planning. But a building is not inevitably a good building, because—technically—it works like a machine, and the Festival Hall—to return to Mr. Jordan's example—is not necessarily beautiful because the heating plant is excellently conceived and the acoustics are marvellous. To be good, a building must work aesthetically and technically, and I am convinced that architecture would indeed be a drab business if the factors of imagination and individuality were ruled out in favour of specialisation, prefabrication, and the rest.

It is, of course, a question of emphasis. But, after all, the architect's principal duty to society is to design beautiful buildings.—Yours, etc.,

London, S.W.3

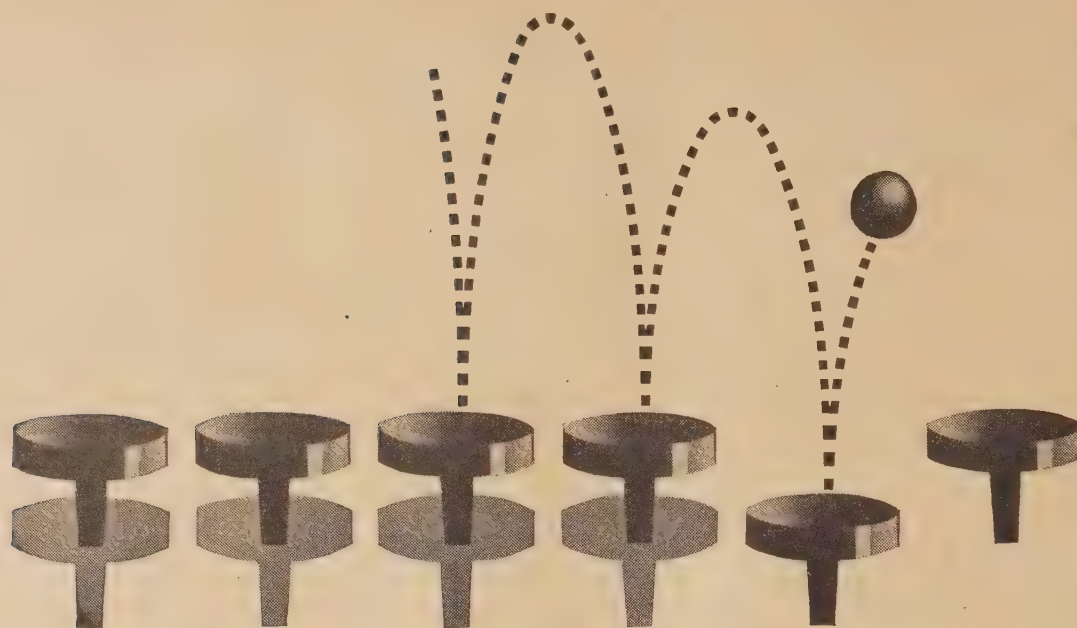
STEPHEN GARDINER

Vivaldi: a Debt to Ezra Pound

Sir,—A paragraph clipped from THE LISTENER for the week of October 8, 1953, was sent to me the other day. It referred to the work of the Chigiana (Academy of Music) in Siena, in restoring much ancient music and, in particular, to its having 'created the current interest in Vivaldi' by getting out hitherto unknown works of that musician.

The current interest in Vivaldi has an interesting history which is not as well known as it ought to be. Just prior to the last war, Mr. Ezra Pound, acting on a prophetic hunch, put about 100 unknown Dresden Vivaldi MSS. on microfilm; Dresden was annihilated in the war, the museum and the MSS. along with it, but the microfilms were transferred to the Chigiana (to Miss Olga Rudge, in particular) where they have been carefully edited and gradually re-issued. I think this is a piece of salvage work quite in character with Pound's lifelong devotion to the fact and the idea of civilisation in its multiple manifestations.

This is an age of irony; so we are often reminded, at least. But the fact need not prevent us from paying honour where it is due, particularly when the poet in question has never let anything stand in the way of doing so himself. Indicted for treason and confined to America's No. 1 looney-bin in Washington, after a life spent in making massive contributions to the freedom and delights of the mind, he continues to create some of the finest poetry of this or any other age. In short, it is surely time we



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and speed

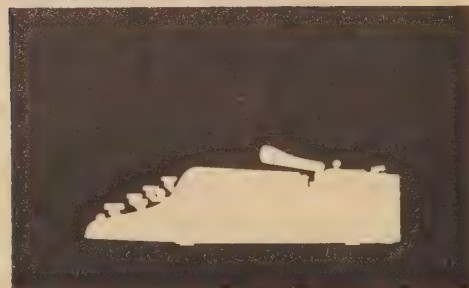
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stopped being merely ashamed of this particular irony and did something sensible and decent about a man who, if he had given us nothing else, gave us back Vivaldi.—Yours, etc.,
University of Michigan DONALD PEARCE

Bedford College, London, not, as he states, at the London School of Economics.

Sheffield, 10

Yours, etc.,

B. M. SPINLEY

[Our reviewer writes:

I must apologise for a couple of errors in my review of *The Deprived and the Privileged*. I was mistaken in describing Miss Spinley's education as being at the London School of Economics rather than the University of London which she states in her book; and also in describing the slum in which she studied 'close behind one of the main-line stations and bordering an important, extremely busy, arterial road and a canal' as 'south of the river' when it was north.

For the rest I can only quote her book. If she says I am in error in describing her slum-dwellers as first generation Irish immigrants, she has certainly given grounds for such a mistake. 'A large proportion of the inhabitants are Irish; social workers say, "The Irish land here, and while the respectable soon move away, the ignorant and shiftless stay"' (page 40); 'For the large proportion of the people who are Roman Catholics . . .' (my italics, page 44). As I have already stated, her description of the way these children are reared is completely consistent with the picture given of Irish child-training by such observers as Dr. Conrad Arensberg; it does not resemble any material I am aware of on the customs of English Protestants, however poor.

I agree that I did not discuss in my review the short chapter on the Rohrschach tests on the two groups of sixty slum children and sixty children of a public school. To do so would have trespassed excessively on your space; and since Miss Spinley did not publish the protocols there was little which could be said about them without discussing the whole problem of the validity of Rohrschach interpretations for this type of work. I would refer those interested in this discussion to the papers of Dr. T. Abel, Dr. L. Hallowell, Dr. F. Hsu, and their colleagues who have discussed at length the validity of projective tests in studies of culture.]

'Sixpenny Songs'

Sir,—The somewhat verbose generalisation made by your critic in *THE LISTENER* of November 12 about my *Sixpenny Songs* are puzzling. What is any potential reader of poetry to make of this sentence comparing me with Miss Elizabeth Jennings? 'Mr. Pudney, too, started as a serious poet, and though he seems now a deliberately popular one he still has sufficient skill and subtlety to keep out of that class of verse which usually appears in places and for a public totally ignorant of the aims of such as Miss Jennings'.

What is this literary distinction between a 'serious' and a 'deliberately popular' poet? Does it mean that the writer began in all earnestness and now continues tongue in cheek? While I am grateful to have 'sufficient skill and subtlety' attributed to my work, what is the meaning of my keeping out of 'that class of verse which usually appears in places and for a public totally ignorant of the aims of such as Miss Jennings'?

Your critic goes on to say my work would 'be not half a bad thing if it contained fewer epithets like "blithe" and "lissom"'. What, sir, is wrong with these English words? I agree that their constant repetition might be irksome: but in the thirty-five poems in my book, 'lissom' appears but once, 'blithe' twice, and—perhaps this is where I have overdone it—the adverb 'blithely' once.

Then it appears I should be improved if my work 'pandered less to the kind of sentiments believed by such as Mr. Noël Coward to be generally held by the people of these islands'. Can your critic, or perhaps Mr. Noël Coward, or, indeed, any one of those described as 'such as' he, tell me what these sentiments are so that I can avoid them in future?

Your critic ends a list of what might be required to mend my deficiencies by stating:

'of course these are quite large requirements'. But what, in the name of honest criticism, are these requirements?—Yours, etc.,
Chipstead JOHN PUDNEY

Trollope and Parliament

Sir,—The most notable feature of the Trollope revival of which we have heard so much is the B.B.C.'s discovery of this novelist's value for serial broadcasting. They appear to have proved that, as regards popularity, Trollope goes better on the air than any other Victorian storyteller. It is, however, to be hoped that the many young listeners who may be dreaming of parliament for themselves have not taken *Phineas Finn* as a piece of political education.

In 1868, after his defeat as a Liberal candidate and in preparation for *Phineas Finn*, Trollope took to visiting the gallery of the House of Commons. Some members assured him that with this aid he could 'talk of the proceedings almost as well as though Fortune had enabled him to fall asleep within the House itself'. He was not what we mean by a realistic novelist, but it has always been taken for granted that he dealt with actual affairs. Let us see how he applied his studies.

His hero is lucky. He quickly becomes Under-Secretary for the Colonies; and then, against the advice of friendly seniors, resigns his office because he agrees with a Minister who leaves the Cabinet when the Prime Minister declines to take up the cause of tenant-right in Ireland. Mr. Monk's call for tenant-right is first described as a motion, but by the time *Phineas* has to declare himself it has become a bill at the second-reading stage. The Government is defeated and the Prime Minister announces an immediate dissolution. He is now the head of a Government at the point of death. But all the same he insists that his Irish Reform Bill (an impossible measure anyhow) shall be put on the statute book before the general election. This is done, the measure being rushed through all stages in both Houses within one week.

We might think that so astonishing a travesty of parliamentary procedure could hardly be improved upon; yet the adapter went beyond the novelist. He made the Prime Minister deliver a truculent speech, while M.P.s behaved like an election mob; and had the Reform Bill, in a thin House, carried by a show of hands—the Ayes have it!—Yours, etc.,

London N.W.11

S. K. RATCLIFFE

Hunting Horns for Critics

Sir,—May a mere music critic support Mr. Laws, a critic of art, in his praise of *Vouvray*, 'a glorious wine' indeed, while disputing his assertion that 'it does not travel'? From a recent visit to the Loire I brought back some bottles of the *pétillant*. It has suffered in no way from the journey, as I shall be pleased to prove to Mr. Laws if he is in my neighbourhood before it is finished.—Yours, etc.,

Cheltenham

DYNELEY HUSSEY

A series of volumes on the countries of Latin America are in process of publication by the Royal Institute of International Affairs, Chatham House. The first four to appear are *Chile: an Outline of its Geography, Economics, and Politics*, by Gilbert J. Butland (this volume was first published in 1951 and is now re-issued in a revised edition); *Colombia: a General Survey*, by W. O. Galbraith; *Brazil: an Interim Assessment*, by J. A. Camacho; and *Uruguay: South America's First Welfare State*, by George Pendle. The price of the first two volumes is 12s. 6d. and 13s. 6d. respectively; the second two are 11s. 6d. each.

Roman Portrait Busts

Sir,—In last Sunday's discussion of the Roman portrait busts, one of 'The Critics' said she knew several Italians just like them in face. The origin of racial types is, I know, a dangerous subject. But I am encouraged by this piece of evidence to relate a recent experience. In a small town in Dorset, a county where there is, of course, much evidence of Roman occupation, I was present at the proclamation of the new Mayor. The Town Council ascended the rostrum, and I had a good opportunity of seeing their faces, especially their profiles, silhouetted against the dark panelling. Taking his place in the chair I beheld Julius Caesar! And he was not the only Roman in the council. I have known other people from Dorset with these Roman faces. They were dark-haired and bright-eyed, small but well-built, like the model of the Roman soldier in the Chester Museum. Could such people be said to be of Roman descent?

Yours, etc.,

Lowton

URSULA M. EDMONDS

A New Novel

Sir,—Mr. Graham Hough has given an apt synopsis of Ernst Wiechert's last great novel (*Missa Sine Nomine*) (*THE LISTENER*, November 12), but, when he says: 'Wiechert shows the usual German absence of any clear sense of political responsibility for the horrors of the nazi regime', it seems to me a highly debatable statement. Wiechert was no politician but a writer. As such he fought with his pen against the horrors of the nazi regime in his fairy tales, in his plays ('Okay', 'Totenmesse') and novels (*Totenwald*, *Jerominkinder*), in articles, and poems. 'We were sowing death and torture, we atone, we atone', he said in one of his last poems. Because Wiechert fearlessly spoke out that the nazi regime was a German responsibility only, he had to leave Germany after the war and died in Switzerland.—Yours, etc.,

Cullercoats

F. BIERMANN

'The Deprived and the Privileged'

Sir,—My attention has been drawn to a review of my book, *The Deprived and the Privileged*, which appeared in *THE LISTENER* of November 5. The review contains a number of false statements, the most flagrant of which I should like to correct.

Your reviewer states that the slum population which I studied was living south of the Thames and was made up of first-generation Irish immigrants. This is not true. The area in which I worked is north of the Thames and the number of Irish was small; all the subjects specifically chosen for study were English and of English parentage. It is also stated in the review that the public school work concerns life history data on forty-two individuals and it is implied that this data stands alone for this group. I must assume that the reviewer has read only a portion of the book. In addition to the forty-two histories (all of English subjects) there are detailed results of a personality study of sixty public school children and it is the tables from this study which are compared with tables from a matched group of slum children.

May I also point out that just as your reviewer has guessed, and guessed erroneously, about the identity of the slum population, so he has guessed, equally erroneously, about my biographical details: for example, I studied at

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Science as Action: Rutherford's World

(continued from page 896)

elementary view of nuclear composition. The nucleus is made up of neutrons and protons—enough protons to account for its charge, the atomic number; enough neutrons to account for the excess of its atomic weight over its atomic number—held together in their tiny volume by strong forces wholly dissimilar from those of electricity and magnetism, whose description even today is a far from completely solved problem.

Chadwick's neutrons, in their turn, became probes, inducing nuclear transmutations very copiously, because they were not kept away from nuclei by the positive nuclear charge. Their use led, in the years just before the war, to Hahn's discovery that, when uranium was transmuted by being hit by neutrons, among the products was barium, a large half of the original nucleus, but only about half—and thus to nuclear fission.

Even this was only the beginning. In the very energetic particles of cosmic radiation, in the nuclei accelerated by giant modern accelerators to energies a hundredfold those of Rutherford's α -particles, we have found new probes to elicit new phenomena; the story of sub-nuclear matter began to unfold and ramify. A whole new family of hitherto unknown, and, for the most part, unrecognised and unexpected objects began to emerge from the nuclear encounters. The first of these were the various mesons, some charged and some uncharged, about ten times lighter than the proton and some hundreds of times heavier than the electron. In the last years there have appeared in increasing variety objects heavier than the mesons, other objects heavier even than protons, whose names are still being changed, from month to month, by solemn conferences. Physicists call them vaguely, and rather helplessly, 'the new particles'. They are without exception unstable, as is the neutron. They disintegrate after a time which varies from one millionth to less than a billionth of a second into other lighter components. Some of these components are in turn unfamiliar to physics and are themselves in turn unstable. We do not know how to give a clear meaning to this question. We do not know why they have the mass and charge that they do; why they and just they exist; why they disintegrate as they do; why in most cases they last as long as they do, or anything much about them. They are the greatest puzzle in today's physics.

But all this is now; and these were not the puzzles of Rutherford's

day. To these we shall turn in the next lectures. They become manifest when we try to deduce and describe the properties of Rutherford's atom in terms of Newtonian mechanics. This attempted description failed. The atoms of nature are radically, dramatically, unlike atoms, composed as Rutherford found of electrons and small nuclei, subject to the forces Rutherford discovered and described, and moving according to Newton's laws. The failure of this classical description turned out to be a major clue, one of the few major clues, in the atomic story. We learned, before the story was finished, that more than Newtonian mechanics would have to be modified if we were to understand and describe our experience with atomic systems. We would have to alter our ideas on very fundamental points, on causality, for instance, and even on the nature of the objectivity of parts of the physical world. We were to be reminded, in a quite unexpected way, of the nature and limitations, as well as the power, of human knowledge itself. It is largely for this reason that the story of atomic discovery has appeared to me so full of instruction for us all, for layman as well as specialist. For it has recalled to us traits of old wisdom that we can well take to heart in human affairs.

Before these great changes could be completed, and the strange situation elucidated, many new ideas and methods of description were to be introduced. We learned words new for us, like 'quantum', and 'state', words like 'correspondence' and 'complementarity', words with a new meaning for physics. Of these the word 'correspondence' came to stand for the conservative and traditional traits of the new physics, that bound it to the physics of the past; whereas 'complementarity' described, as we shall come to see, those new features, unknown to the physics of Newton, that have broadened and humanised our whole understanding of the natural world.

Time and experience have clarified, refined, and enriched our understanding of these notions. Physics has changed since then. It will change even more. But what we have learned so far, we have learned well. If it is radical and unfamiliar and a lesson that we are not likely to forget, we think that the future will be only more radical and not less, only more strange and not more familiar, and that it will have its own new insights for the inquiring human spirit.—*Home Service*

Two Poems

For Dylan

For Dylan, son of the wave and the ninth-wave wonder
Of talk and speaking music and laughing prosody
Shed here a sigh in remembrance, a sign, some remedy,
An empty glass, a gloss, a glistening word
Unspoken in tears.

I remember the shock-haired boy with the sea-blue eyes,
His crisp brown curls kissed by the summer sun
On Swansea sands, gay as a young dog barks,
The Welsh fields in his grasp and trees of growing
In secret valleys, Prince of the upland apples
All green field freshness his
And original singing.

No more by the many-fingered estuary
Will he drive night into day with stars of talk
Nor suffer the sun in the salt of the silver sea-sweat
Or let his hair be punished by October winds
Cuffing the promontories of blue-gold Gower.
The voice is stilled. The merry note is spoken.
Dylan is gone, our sea-son, eighth wonder of Wales.

KEN ETHERIDGE.

As Usual...

As usual the tigers escaped from the zoo.
The young men were called from their work,
With five-pronged forks were prodding the gloom
As ordered. What else could they do?

Under neon lights in a neutral town
The headlines grew bigger and black.
The stories of killers and pictures of death
In glossy-pooled gutters were strewn.

The usual heroes cornered the beasts.
The usual praises were avidly read.
The orator lifting his glass to the dead
Gave us the usual toasts.

The widow curls up in the loneliest bed.
She cries in the dark. The tigers still rage,
They scream with their jaws through the bars of the cage—
Scratching the steel till the steel glistens red...

As usual the tigers escape from the zoo.

ROYSTON BURNETT

Art

Some More London Exhibitions

By ANDREW FORGE

FRANCIS BACON, because he paints violent subjects and uses photographs, thin, sketchy paint, unprimed canvas, and is indifferent to the most respected pictorial conventions of this century, runs the continual risk of being called a sensationalist. 'Can a serious picture really be painted of a man bouncing and roaring on a bed?' one wonders. But it is a question which can only reasonably be asked where there is, in a painting, evident division of purpose.

Most of us are used to looking at painting whose values can in some way be separated from their subject matter; and most contemporaries are coy about being 'of' anything; indeed, they make it clear that their imagery is not the central matter of their pictures. But if there is one single positive quality which we can point to in the pictures which Bacon is now showing at the Beaux Arts Gallery, it is their wholeness. One is affected by the whole picture and one cannot say now it is this which is exciting and now it is that. Everything is in the paint: paint is image and paint is form. The levels upon which the painting works are so tightly knit that one cannot unravel them. One cannot always name the image until one calls it paint. For this reason it is beside the point to harp on the nature of Bacon's subject matter, as if the pictures were no more than particularly morbid illustrations. Their 'meaning' is untranslatable because it resides in the paintings themselves. Its perception is simultaneous with the perception of the form. If this were not so, they would be sentimental. Some of the best pictures here are too thin. There is not enough of them. But the best, the triple head, the naked man, the man eating meat, have personalities like bulls. Their wholeness is such that words like 'dignity' enter one's mind without any sense of paradox.

Derek Greaves, also showing at the Beaux Arts, is vigorous, ambitious, and clear eyed, and his pictures are serious. There is one of Venice, the Grand Canal in the rain, which should be looked at very carefully. It is intensely evocative. Sooner or later Greaves will probably have to reconsider the connection between painting and drawing. Painting is an *extension* of drawing and not just drawing filled in. Unless the paint is felt as a tense mass, taking up a position in space and formed (given form) by its contour, just as the white paper is felt in a good drawing, the picture gives the impression of being a side shoot and will always carry an air of contrivance and unreality. One feels that these large pictures need boiling down and concentrating round a more distinguished view of drawing. One also feels that Greaves has the intelligence and imagination to undertake the operation.

At the Tate there is the large exhibition organised by the Contemporary Art Society to celebrate the year of the Coronation. The subject

given was 'Figures in their Setting'. However they may differ in style, the best pictures here stand out for the same reason: they suggest that they would have been painted whether the C.A.S. had held the exhibition or not. The trouble with a phrase like 'Figures in their Setting' is that it is restrictive yet non-committal. It sounds like a civilised way of asking for a 'Figure Comp.' If the terms had been narrower

(a text or a title) or much looser ('a very good picture') we might have seen fewer lay figures dressed up in exhibition clothes. At least it would have forced the issue. We might have seen more pictures approaching the level of Martin Froy's *café*, L. S. Lowry's square, Herman's peasants, Patric Heron's particularly good interior, or Robert Medley's 'Antique Room'. Medley differs from most English painters in that he is able to regulate everything he does by a powerful natural sense of beauty. He has absolute confidence in his own eye. And the demands made by his eye are so concentrated and so personal that however stylish the result, it is never pretentious. There are not many painters today who can paint antiques for what they stand for as well as for how they look. Here Medley paints the well-known casts with affectionate familiarity, saluting their classicism, their past, and honouring their present.

At Tooth's there is an interesting collection of pictures in which perhaps the most impressive are the Gainsborough 'Lady in a Pink Dress' and the Renoir portrait of his wife with a puppy in her lap. The Gainsborough is a masterpiece. There is a wit in the way in which it is painted; see the curl of hair stated by a curl



'The Antique Room', by Robert Medley; from the exhibition 'Figures in their Setting' at the Tate Gallery

of paint which has all the quality of a humorous analogy. There is a sense of balance about the picture as though Gainsborough's excitement had lifted him to such a point of control that the slightest movement had registered instantly. He is abundantly aware of the wholeness of the subject, and, for this reason, of the dialogue running between its different parts. Look at the firm, carved, ivory-coloured hands set into the soft grey and rose of the dress; or at the affinity of colour between the dress and the mouth, connecting the sitter's whole person with her words and her laughter. The visitor should not miss the very early Renoir landscape, nor the Modigliani of Zborowski, the Degas nude, the Bonnard, the particularly fine Wilson of Caernarvon Castle. There is also a Lepine 'La Seine aux environs de Paris'. It is an incredibly sensitive and inspired re-creation of a place, a day, a state of light. Perhaps it is the intensity of its particularisation which gives it such a universal grandeur. This level of poetic naturalism could not be sustained for long. Too much depended upon the artist's peace of mind, his ability to look outwards with affirmation. Compare this picture with a Claude: both are golden, but the nostalgia we feel towards the Lepine is our own.

The Listener's Book Chronicle

The Reason Why. By Cecil Woodham-Smith. Constable. 15s.

A NOT ALTOGETHER FOOLISH Emperor of Austria once remarked that 'Mankind requires, from time to time, a copious bleeding, otherwise its condition becomes inflammatory'. This saying might be adapted and applied to the history of the British Army in the nineteenth century. The squabbles and jealousies of generals make a dark blotch on the Crimean War and, to a lesser extent, on the Boer War, both of which took place after long decades of peace.

In this book Mrs. Woodham-Smith has traced the personal history of Lord Lucan, who was in command of the Cavalry in the Crimea, and of Lord Cardigan who commanded the Light Brigade. In 1829 Lucan had married a sister of Lord Cardigan and from that time onwards the two were on terms of personal enmity. While readers of this book will be grateful to Mrs. Woodham-Smith for unearthing many things which were forgotten and for giving a spirited account of the scandals which surrounded the generals no less than of the fighting in the Crimea, the general effect is too highly coloured and over bold. When Louis Philippe was driven out of France, disguised and disgraced, Lord Palmerston gaily wrote to Queen Victoria 'It is like one of Walter Scott's best tales'. So with this book, except that in her portrait of Lord Cardigan, Mrs. Woodham-Smith sinks dangerously near the levels of melodrama. But history is never quite like Scott or even *East Lynne*, and Cardigan, weird and unpleasing as he was, is not a convincing figure here.

Cardigan had the most curious ideas of discipline which made themselves public while he commanded the 15th Hussars and the 11th Light Dragoons in the 1830s and 1840s. He showed at once that he had the greatest contempt for the type of officer who had seen service in the east: 'Indian officers' he loftily dubbed them. He would have been thoroughly at home with Sir Thomas de Boots or Captain Heavyside and would have delighted in insulting good Colonel Newcome. On one occasion a black bottle of wine, not decanted, was placed on the mess-table of the Hussars before one of the 'Indian officers'. Cardigan immediately sent a message to the unhappy officer that 'the mess should be conducted like a gentleman's table and not like a pot-house'. Unfortunately the 'black bottle' caught the public fancy and the quotation was much canvassed: when a dragoon and a guardsman were caught fighting in the street, the former's defence was that he had been called 'a black bottle'.

Mrs. Woodham-Smith tells us that in the first six months of his command, Cardigan held fifty-four courts-martial and Canterbury jail became so filled with his men that it was described as their regimental barracks. Possibly Lord Cardigan was what, in the jargon of today, would be called 'a perfectionist', for under his command the smartness of the 11th, which became Prince Albert's Own and then first assumed the now familiar cherry-coloured trousers, was remarked by all who saw it on parade from the Royal Family downwards. While it is perfectly true that he never shared the hardships of the troops in the Crimea (as Lord Lucan did), for he lived comfortably on his yacht with good cooking and champagne, he was in the middle-fifties at the time of the charge and there are many precedents for the belief that generals do best when they are subjected to the

minimum of personal harassments. As was only to be expected Cardigan trembled on the edge of that murky world which in those days, before the creation of cosy divorce courts, was bounded by the horsewhip and an action for *crim. con.* Though it seems a shade improbable and although both the grammar and morality of the sentence seem to need some under-pinning Mrs. Woodham-Smith assures her readers that 'whole villages in Northamptonshire were said to have been populated by him with the children denied him in marriage'.

Lord Macaulay once wrote in a private letter 'As to Lord Cardigan, he has deserved some abuse; he has had ten times as much as he deserved'. The great master of the historian's art would have doubtless made the same comment if he had been asked to compile one of his masterly reviews on this book.

Questions of East and West

By G. F. Hudson. Odhams. 15s.

In his brief preface Mr. Hudson says that the essays collected here have no planned unity but are 'linked together by the fact that they all deal with direct or indirect effects of the Russian revolution'. They have also another kind of unity, imposed on them by the character of the writer rather than that of the subjects he deals with, and deriving from a singular combination of historical detachment with moral commitment.

Some years ago M. Céline wrote that if any one government were to tell the whole truth for twenty-four hours, every government would fall. His hope, or fear, has not been realised, but Mr. Hudson does his best to repair the omission. He believes that the truth, however painful, cannot really hurt, and with controlled ardour he tears down curtains, opens windows, removes whitewash, and adds two and two together. The result is both exhilarating and appalling. It was wrong, he argues in the essay entitled 'Complicity in Aggression', for the western allies to have abandoned the Polish Government-in-exile in London. 'By their own law, which they proposed to apply to the Nazi leaders, they should be judged for what they did to Poland'. And since it was a wrong, it was also a mistake, one for which a high price has had to be paid.

Of the eighteen essays (which have a broader range than the title of the book suggests, for in the political universe there are no northern and southern hemispheres) eight deal in one way or another with the Far East, and in particular with United States Far Eastern policy. This is a question on which there is a great deal of ignorance and misunderstanding in England, and Mr. Hudson is one of the few British historians who present an intelligible account of it, even if the implication emerges that, as electoral organisations rather than political parties, neither the Democrats nor the Republicans had a consistent and recognisable programme. But it is his wide knowledge of Japanese and Chinese history, and his grasp of the irrational and emotional motives behind political action, that give these essays their depth and interest. In the east, he argues, communism has entered into possession of the wasteland left by the disintegration of the traditional eastern civilisations, for it combines the material and technical advantages without which independent survival is impossible with the attractions of unquestioned authority, of a secular religion which lays down what is right and what is wrong. This is what their earlier civilisation, disrupted by the

impact of the west, gave the eastern peoples, and this is what they are still nostalgically seeking.

Five of the remaining essays deal directly with various aspects of Soviet political trials and purges. They are in the nature of a summing-up, supremely lucid and scrupulously presented. Mr. Hudson marshals the known facts, discarding the irrelevant, resolving conflicts of evidence, indicating the gaps in one argument and the fallacies in another. They suggest that he has perhaps missed his true vocation. He would add distinction and intellectual qualities of a high order to any judicial bench.

The Ascent of Everest. By John Hunt. Hodder and Stoughton. 25s.

The successful adventure story is usually a winner. When it concerns a long and famous struggle won at last with artistic completeness by a courageous band of men brilliantly led it acquires the quality of grandeur. There have now been eleven versions (nine of them British) of the attempt to climb the world's highest mountain, each with its own twist. This, the eleventh story, has the best twist of all, a happy ending. It was in every sense the crown of the pyramid. 'The building of this pyramid of experience was vital to the whole issue; only when it had attained a certain height was it within the power of any team of mountaineers to fashion its apex. . . . Other expeditions did not fail; they made progress'.

Taking this as the ground-base of Brigadier Sir John Hunt's account, the 1953 British Expedition was, nevertheless, remarkable for several reasons. It appears to have been the best planned and most homogeneous; it was lucky in having fine weather for the vital fortnight of the final build-up and assault; it had no casualties, not even a frost-bitten toe, a portable oxygen equipment of reasonable weight was developed just in time. Some purists are still doubtful about the ethics of using oxygen, on the ground presumably that it is unfair to Everest. It was tried as long ago as the 1922 expedition. The story of this last expedition surely clinches the theory that the limit of unaided human endurance is reached between 27,000 and 28,000 feet, and that it is better to bring a fit party home than to risk tragedy, of which there has already been more than enough. Hunt's own comment is that the improved oxygen equipment they had was vital to success.

It had long been realised that the ascent of Everest was largely a matter of logistics, of getting at least two fit men and their equipment up to about 28,000 feet, and at least another two above 26,000 feet during one particular fortnight in the year between the dying down of the violent spring gales and the onset of the monsoon. There is nothing in this book to compare, as literature, with Smythe's account of his lone experience at 28,000 feet on the north face. Indeed, there has hardly been time for the hard-worked leader to digest his momentous experience. Nevertheless, Sir John Hunt is able, by his competent and straightforward method, to make the logistics extremely interesting, even through the meticulous and elastic planning that preceded the expedition by many months, planning so meticulous that even name tapes were sewn on to individual garments to obviate one possible source of petty irritation at high altitude.

The dangers and excitements of the climb begin much lower down than on the Tibetan

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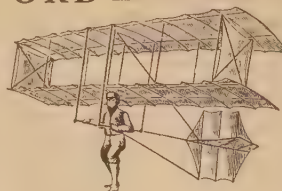
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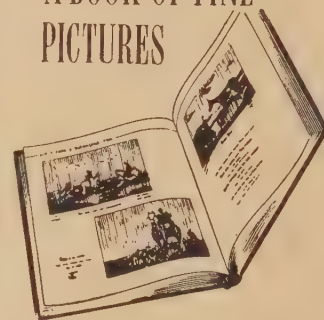
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side, at the bottom of the formidable icefall which is the only and barely practicable way into the Western Cwm. This is of advantage to the story, if not to the climbers. The difficulties are well indicated by such names as Mike's Horror, Hell-fire, Alley, Hillary's Horror, Atom Bomb Area, Nutcracker. After the huge crevasses of the Cwm, there is the steep traverse of the Lhotse face leading to the South Col, where the setting up of a small tent (Camp VIII) took one and a half hours instead of about two minutes because of the fierce wind. Not the least remarkable feat was the establishment of the vital Camp IX at 27,350 feet to which Hunt himself and a Sherpa carried loads of 45 lb., and Gregory, Lowe, and Hillary loads of between 50 and 60 lb. (Normal load at this height without oxygen is 25 lb.) Then follows the account of the ascent of the south summit, 28,500 feet, by Bourdillon and Evans direct from the South Col, a necessary preliminary and a gallant achievement.

The story of the ascent and successful descent of the summit pyramid itself is written by Sir Edmund Hillary, who, with Tenzing, had the luck of the draw. It is perhaps a pity that Hillary's own announcement of the dramatic news, a shout of 'We've done the b——' has been omitted. It might have startled some of the founders of the Royal Geographical Society and the Alpine Club, but it has the contemporary twang. The final sentence of Hillary's chapter is also revealing, and moving. 'To see the unashamed joy spread over the tired, strained face of our gallant and determined leader was to me reward enough in itself'.

The whole book, coming so soon after Maurice Herzog's account of the ascent of Annapurna, and the Swiss account of their 1952 attempt on Everest by the southern route, makes a fascinating study in the differences between the Gallic, Swiss, and British temperaments. Each has its own virtues, and there is no doubt that the generous exchanges of information were of inestimable value to Hunt's party.

As to the Sherpa temperament, that gets many generous tributes, especially those men chosen for the high altitude carries, and in particular their magnificent effort in the carry up the Lhotse face to the South Col. 'The happy relationship between the Sherpas and ourselves was brought about by everybody in the party, but most particularly was this the work of Tenzing and Wylie'. This would seem to put certain press articles on the relationship between Sahibs and Sherpas where they belong.

The Founding of the Kashmir State

By K. M. Pannikar.

Allen and Unwin. 15s.

Sardar Pannikar is an unusual person—one who has swayed others' thoughts by his writings, and startled them by his contrasting occupations. His *India and the Indian Ocean*, published in 1945, earned praise from men so distant as Captain Liddell Hart and Mr. Guy Wint. His career, first as Secretary or Minister under the British Raj to several Indian Princes—the autocrats so much decried by Pandit Nehru—and subsequently, when the British Raj had ended, as one of Pandit Nehru's own outstanding foreign Ambassadors, has gained him much astonished admiration. And what other diplomatist could have contrived to represent his country, successfully and successively, at the courts both of Chiang Kai-shek and Mao Tse-tung?

Yet those who expect works from his pen to be unusual may here feel rather disappointed. We are offered an, on the whole, competent but uninspired historical memoir, full of detail, some of it ill co-ordinated or inadequately explained, and with too little fertilising general-

isation. No doubt some such work needed to be done, but not by a figure of this author's international stature. Perhaps it largely dates from the period in the late nineteen-twenties when he himself served as an official of the Kashmir Durbar.

Its purpose is avowedly to rehabilitate the reputation of Maharajah Gulab Singh, the Jammu ruler who in 1846 became founder of the Kashmir State; and in considerable measure it achieves this, as indeed was not very difficult, for the Maharajah's understandably devious part in the confused and controversial statecraft of his time called down upon him excessive obloquy from some British and Sikh authorities. The book has none but the most indirect bearing on the present profound, embittering, six-years-old dispute between the new India and Pakistan over possession of Kashmir. One major topical point however of some interest does emerge: the importance of Gulab Singh's military feat in overrunning and retaining part of Tibet. But for this, the areas known as Ladakh and Baltistan, instead of being respectively occupied by India and Pakistan, would now be well behind the Iron Curtain.

There are several oddities of spelling, and some misprints—for which it is not necessary to look deeper than the first paragraph of chapter one, and the last paragraph of the last appendix. And the price seems high for a volume set in big print which runs to only 172 pages and contains but two illustrations.

A World Treasury of Proverbs. Edited by Henry Davidoff. Cassell. 21s.

Faced with the 15,500 proverbs which Mr. Davidoff has culled from twenty-five different languages, one is compelled to ask oneself what is a proverb and what purposes can their collection serve? Most proverbs are anonymous and those whose authors can be tracked down by research cannot properly be called proverbs unless they have so passed into common speech that, when they are used, the speaker and the audience scarcely recognise them as quotations. 'Religion is the opium of the people' just qualifies as a proverb, though it has not yet achieved the anonymity of 'Religion is in the heart, not in the knee'. On the other hand, Shaw's 'There is only one religion, though there are a hundred versions of it' or Swift's 'We have just enough religion to make us hate, but not enough to make us love, one another' have not sufficient currency to pass as proverbs. Many of Mr. Davidoff's best entries are of this sort, epigrams rather than proverbs.

It is a mistake to regard proverbs as crystallisations of human wisdom. They are the coinage of the mentally lazy and inarticulate. Some shrewdly sum up a natural principle. 'A cockroach is always wrong when arguing with a chicken', for example. But there is as well as proverbial wit and wisdom, proverbial stupidity, cowardice, stinginess, profligacy, cynicism, and sentimentality. There is no fixed frontier between the proverb and the *cliché*. It is hard to decide whether Mr. Davidoff's American proverbs are really proverbs within the strict meaning of the word. Has Ogden Nash's 'Candy is dandy but liquor is quicker' really become part of the folk-speech? Or Mark Twain's 'Boston is a state of mind'?

By calling his book a 'World Treasury' Mr. Davidoff has avoided the criticism of not providing a dictionary which can be used for reference purposes. He claims the latitude of the anthologist, but he does not choose to exercise it. The cockroach proverb for example is listed under Cockroach. A tendentious editor might have listed it under The United Nations. Its proper heading is either Argument or Power. Under Power, we find 'Unlimited power cor-

rupts the possessor (Pitt)' but we do not find Lord Acton's adaptation of this remark, which has in fact become the proverb.

But though Mr. Davidoff gives the impression of being a laborious rather than a brilliant editor, no one can collect 15,500 proverbs from twenty-five different languages, as Mr. Davidoff has done, without producing some interesting comparisons. Under Inheritance, one English contribution is 'He goes long barefoot that waits for dead men's shoes'. The Germans, always practical, remark that 'many heirs make small portions'. The Latin proverb is psychological: 'The tears of an heir are laughter under a mask'. The Yiddish is frankly pessimistic: 'He comes for the inheritance, and has to pay the funeral expenses'. More of this type of editing would have made this 'World Treasury' a positive minefield of explosive jokes. But far too many of the entries are as these: Coal, to carry coals to Newcastle. Flat, as flat as a flounder. Thin, as thin as a Banbury cheese. After a little of this, one turns to Roger's *Thesaurus* for light reading.

Landsman Hay: Memoirs of Robert Hay, 1789-1847. Edited by M. D. Hay. Hart-Davis. 15s.

These memoirs of the Napoleonic wars by Robert Hay were written for the benefit of his children and grandchildren, and are now published for the first time in book form by a descendant who has checked all the facts, and added several useful notes. A sturdy and upright 'landsman', who tried with his decently moralistic prose to cultivate the virtues of frugality, foresight, and sobriety in his children, Robert Hay was by soul a seaman, with a Homeric pessimism towards the sea, who did not learn to write till after he left it at the age of twenty-two. Because he was out of work, he ran away from home when he was thirteen, and in a few days lay in the Press Room at Greenock. His misfortunes for the next eight years, were they not counterbalanced by the interest of how he survived them, by the excitement of storm or desertion, and particularly by his determination even in the hospital at Madras to improve himself by education, would seem desperate and unendurable. Instead, this is a genuine story with a moral and a happy ending, of how the tortures of overcrowding, brutality, shipwreck, gangrene, and the dangers of desertion, were overcome by courage, good humour, and skill.

On The Air. By Roger Manvell.

Andre Deutsch. 16s.

This is a two-sided survey, first, of what might be called the politics of broadcasting, and secondly, of its technique. The two have no necessary connection—a dramatic control panel is the same object whether used by commercial radio or by the B.B.C.—and Dr. Manvell's treatment might have been a little less sketchy had he not tried to cover so much ground. Most readers will probably turn first to his views on topics of current controversy. He would maintain the B.B.C. as it is by 'continuing to charge a licence fee for all receiving apparatus', while permitting sponsored programmes so supervised that 'reasonable standards of decency' were maintained. He is critical of the general effect of radio on society, seeing it as having 'absorbed and virtually worn out the more conventional fields of entertainment', adding that 'on the whole, it would be better by now to have less rather than more broadcasting'—a surprising conclusion from one who wants plenty of fresh sponsored programmes. He thinks the B.B.C.'s tendency to undue solemnity could be corrected

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by giving it 'like ancient Royalty, an all-licensed fool who is allowed ever so often to make satiric fun of his master', and he is disturbed by the suggestion that he sees in a statement of Sir William Haley that the loyalty demanded by the B.B.C. from its staff includes a capacity for 'keeping trouble off the air'. He criticises the B.B.C.'s religious policy, and would like the gentleman's agreement abandoned, by

which the Churches do not 'attack controversial positions held by other Churches'. 'Broadcasting tends to promote a vague and weak form of Christian practice instead of a faith fighting against the heaviest odds of sheer indifference it has ever been called upon to face since the invasion of Europe by the Vandals'.

In general, this is a book which should be read by those interested in the large issues of

broadcasting policy. Dr. Manvell does not perhaps differ from other critics of the B.B.C. in that he is stronger in analysis than in constructive ideas. To strengthen the B.B.C.'s hand in dealing with party broadcasting, he approves the formation of a Political Advisory Committee. If he supposes this to be any cure for an over-timid policy, he must have more faith in committees than most of us.

New Novels

The Lying Days. By Nadine Gordimer. Gollancz. 12s. 6d.

The Goodly Seed. By John Wyllie. Secker and Warburg. 12s. 6d.

Silky. By Elizabeth Coatsworth. Gollancz. 10s. 6d.

MISS NADINE GORDIMER has already published a book of short stories which won some golden opinions. *The Lying Days* is her first novel: but it is like a first novel only in that one suspects an element of autobiography. The title is from Yeats:

Through all the lying days of my youth
I swayed my leaves and flowers in the sun;
Now I may wither into the truth:

and the book is about the development of a girl from childhood to womanhood. Though told in the first person, so that it avoids none of the dangers of a too-oft exploited theme, it does better; it overcomes them. All young women must grow up, and there is a certain sameness about the process, at any rate in fiction. The arduous and disappointments of youth, so exquisitely real as long as they remain our own private property, often turn into rather faded bits of sensitivity on the printed page. By now the only way to do much with them is to turn them into a real *bildungsroman*—not just a record of impressions, but a story of the formation of a character and the growth of a mind. Of course, to do this a character and a mind are needed; and that is why bits of adolescent sensibility are much thicker on the ground.

Miss Gordimer has enough sensibility to set up quite a number of women novelists, but she has other qualities as well—a sense of direction, and a sympathetic critical intelligence. She also has good material to work on. It is most unfair, but the English middle-class scene is worn so featureless and smooth that it no longer affords much foothold for the writer. Miss Gordimer's territory is South Africa, and the conflicts and complexities of that unhappy country at least give a sense of real questions to be faced and real obstacles to be overcome.

We all know the story of the intelligent girl who outgrows her limited parents; but the mere fact that the parents live in a South African mining concession, and that emancipation is to be found in the University of Johannesburg, at least gives it a new turn. We all know the story of the bourgeois girl who ventures into an artistic bohemia—but the fact that the bohemians themselves are putting up a difficult fight against what is almost a frontier civilisation gives it a new dimension. And, although this is not a book about race relations, the whole is given scale and depth by being set against the immense, menacing background of the racial problem. However, the real point is that Miss Gordimer can write—whether her themes remain South African or not. Sensibly and descriptively, in the first place:

I stepped on an old orange peel sucked out and dried so long that it crushed like the shell of a beetle. Tiny grey winter birds bounced on the telephone wires, flicked away. From the long gardens of the staff houses doves sounded continuously like the even breathing of a sleeper.

Critically and epigrammatically as well:

As you have to be fish before foetus, so for a time they were liberal before conformist. They put Balzac and Dante and Martin Buber where they looked impressive in the bookcase, and became family men concentrated on the fluctuations of the Stock Exchange, and the relative merits of Buicks and Cadillacs.

The book is a little lacking in shape, and the conclusion is one in which nothing is concluded. This may be partly due to its rich and wide field. But I do not think Miss Gordimer's talent is a regional one; and it looks like a gift which is capable of concentration and development.

About Mr. John Wyllie's novel *The Goodly Seed* I had better come clean. It is set in a Japanese prisoner of war camp near Singapore; and since I too have lived in that rather specialised Arcadia I cannot pretend to a majestic objectivity. Instead I can testify to its absolute authenticity as a record. In this way it is by far the best P.O.W. story I have read. The scenery, the smell, the disease, the half-recognised but ever-present sense of fear, the sense that it might all go on for ever—it is all there, except the comedy, of which in fact there was a great deal. But this is a grave book. It is also a very moving one—not by exploiting the obvious sources of pathos or horror—but by taking a highly selective, concentrated, and consistent view of what was actually a very confused affair. Mr. Wyllie is admirably successful in re-creating this strange complicated society—British, American, Dutch, and Eurasian prisoners; the camp's Japanese rulers and their underlings, the Korean camp guards; and in showing the relationships between them, none quite conventional or quite as one would expect. This is more than background, for the intricate texture of P.O.W. life is shown in considerable detail.

The main figures however are those on whom the weight of the whole organisation rests: the British camp commandant, dying of beri-beri; the young Eurasian Dutchman whom he trusts and appoints as his successor; one of the camp doctors. Responsibility and authority are two of the main themes: even the Japanese sergeant becomes a human and comprehensible figure when seen from this point of view. But the ultimate subject of the book is that 'no man is an island', that men's lives are interwoven with each other, and that there are a few who realise this and take the weight of it. The camp commandant, a perfectly recognisable, if not very common type, by a dogged and intelligent concentration on the job of being a good officer becomes a figure of considerable grandeur. It says much for Mr. Wyllie's moral force that the qualities he contrives to extract from what was in most ways a squalid world are not squalor and misery, but integrity, foresight, and strength. This is a distinguished novel, not only for its sympathy and penetration,

but for an unusual economy and shapeliness.

A minor irritation in reviewing today is that we have no name for the short novel or long short story—*nouvelle* or *novelle*: the form is becoming much more common in English. In Germany it has long been an important literary type, and its requisite qualities are well known—simplicity of plot, unity of atmosphere, and so forth: and a good deal has been made of the presence of some single dominant symbol (think of the long list of falcons, stallions, wild-ducks, lakes, and heaths that have served this purpose in various kinds of imaginative writing) to embody the spirit of the whole.

Miss Elizabeth Coatsworth's charming story *Silky* is an excellent example of the kind. For a few pages I carelessly read it as a graceful evocation of English Victorian romance: but no, it is set in New England and the time is the present. But it is so gentle, delicate, and unpretentious as to amount almost to an un-American activity. Belvedere is a fine old house dating from 1830. But Cephas Hewes the present owner has had hard times: everything has gone wrong with his small farm, the place is almost a ruin, and he and his family are living huddled in a few rooms at the back. No one ever goes into the big rooms with the old books, the crystal chandeliers, and the rosewood furniture—except the children, and they are rated for it, as the floors are unsafe. Cephas is growing savage and boorish and everything is going to pieces. Then the gate of the old family burying ground keeps coming unfastened, and—however I won't go on. The sub-title of the book is 'An incredible tale' and it is no good telling the plot of a fairy story. This one, anyway, would sound naive in outline and I can only assure you that it is not; that natural and supernatural are beautifully interwoven; that the natural part is quite salty and actual, and that the conclusion is hopeful, human, and quietly moving. There are two pleasing illustrations by John Carrol. An ideal Christmas present for those who take Christmas seriously.

Also recommended. *The Enormous Radio*, by John Cheever (Gollancz, 12s. 6d.). *New Yorker* short stories, extremely accomplished, like all their kind, and less cut to pattern than most. The people have no insides, but if you don't mind that, their problems are interesting enough. *To Live at Random*, by Mary Lamont (Duckworth, 10s. 6d.). Short stories, rather like Elizabeth Bowen re-written by Mrs. Dale. Admirers of both these artists will enjoy this book: those whose allegiance is confined to one of them will be faintly disquieted.

GRAHAM HOUGH

In our review of *Cassell's Encyclopaedia of Literature*, which appeared last week, the article on the 'Novel' should have been assigned to Professor Denis Seumas, not to M. André Maurois, who, as stated, wrote on 'Biography'.

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DOCUMENTARY

A Gallant Try

AN IMPORTANT WEEK, this, in the long history of the Englishman's castle. Its new squint, giving on to sights he never expected to be able to see from his armchair, is the subject of high debate. To see more or not to see more? That, crudely, is the question and the formal answer will, in effect, be a vote of confidence or no-confidence in his vaunted common sense, which may be as much of a myth as the impregnability of his castle.

With no reference to the grand controversy, it is one Englishman's opinion that the sights have become less worth seeing, that there has been a slackening of interest. For the first time in my all too solid experience of television programmes I have heard impatience coming from more than the casual peevish viewer, from intelligent acquaintances in revolt against the tyranny of the nightly session. Myself, I am used to pitying looks when I refuse an evening out because of television; a relished excuse sometimes. It is more novel to hear of people giving up their sets because the programmes bore them.

'How on earth you stick it night after night—!'

There are times when a reasonable mind must turn away; times, too, when one smiles behind the hand in discussions about augmented television because, it seems, there simply is not enough talent to keep even a single service going. If I were not the dutiful viewer that, emphatically, I am, I wonder what documentary programmes of last week I would have foregone? The one about the 'Centurion' tank, I fancy, though the cameras up at the Royal Ordnance Factory at Leeds were used with more than ordinary skill and Raymond Baxter's commentary bounced us breezily along the assembly line. The floodlit lawn tennis from Wembley, cer-

tainly, because it is hard to follow the ball in televised tennis. One needs to be an enthusiast to defy the monotony.

I should have hoped not to miss 'Glass in the Fire' from the School of Art at Swansea, where television demonstrated its power to illustrate the most intimate processes going on under the craftsman's hand and so to renew our respect for his place in the community. This was another of Mervyn Levy's programmes and he showed again his refreshingly quiet technique of persuasion. I wanted to counsel him to talk not at all with his left hand, his being the kind of personality that cannot gain from gesture, just

and nonsense of the *haute couture*, with its pneumatic-voiced men and its implacably beautiful models, all looking convent-bred and in spirit a little aloof from Hampstead. Painful, but no doubt salutary, to think of it exposed to the armchair ribaldries of the Englishmen so subtly caricatured by Eric Barker and Terry-Thomas!

'Press Conference': would I have thought it worth staying in for? As to its first half, no; after that, the pace quickened and we saw the High Master of Manchester Grammar School asserting his convictions with pugnacious sincerity. His uncompromising views on television, plopping into the present atmosphere, may have sent their ripples farther than we know.

And what about the Elizabethan evening, the invention, it is said, of the vastly experienced and percipient former head of Television Talks, Mary Adams? Whether or not it was the hoped-for success, we must agree that in its defiance of the rational and the regular it was not disheartening. If in imposing a pattern on a whole set of programmes it often did not rise above the larkish level, at least it challenged the routine which sometimes makes television disturbingly like a manufacturing process. I should like it to have been much better done (without pretending to be witty enough to suggest how it might have been done), but I am glad that it was done. There were moments, it is true, when I wished that the 'Normal Service Will Be Resumed' notice would flash on my screen. Few of our contemporaries have a flair for carrying off the manners of a remote generation. The best performance in that line, I thought, came straight out of the Victoria and Albert Museum in the person of James Laver. Others, whom I will forbear to name, simply were not in the picture, thinking that to bend the knee is to catch the spirit of an age. Despite some small embarrassments, a pervading slight silliness, there was an



As seen by the viewer: 'Glass in the Fire', a programme from the School of Art, Swansea, on November 16; left, a section of a stained-glass window; right, a craftsman demonstrating enamel inlaying

Photographs: John Cura

as I wanted to reprove Christopher Salmon, in 'The Balloon Game', for using the detestable word 'Britisher'. Is he a Scottisher? That new national parlour game, which has its instructional side, and therefore is eligible for the honour of notice here, is at least remarkable for the fact that no American credit line goes with it.

I enjoyed 'Joan Gilbert's Diary', though it meant hearing David Niven, film actor, say his little personal piece all over again, he having said it not long ago in another programme. Her Stock Exchange informant really informed and in a pleasantly informal way. As for 'Private View', the fashion show from Hampstead, it was full of visual seductions, a brilliant display of the sense



A gown in 'Private View' on November 19, a fashion show by the Incorporated Society of London Fashion Designers, given in the presence of Queen Elizabeth the Queen Mother and Princess Margaret. Left: 'Press Conference', on November 20, with Dr. Eric James, High Master of Manchester Grammar School, as the guest

honesty of effort and a touch of dashing vitality which combined to supply as much of the romance of the evening as the costumes and speech. Illusion was never achieved, but a certain grace was with us even if it did not abound. Some of it reposed in Jeanne Heal, Margot Lovell, and Noëlle Middleton, and perhaps even more in the wardrobe room. I shall not recall it as a notable television epilogue to this fast receding Coronation year, while agreeing whole-heartedly that it was a gallant try.

REGINALD POUND

DRAMA

All Dressed Up

'ALL DRESSED UP . . . and nowhere to go'. One used to see that caption, sometimes rather a cruel caption, on the screen of the silent film comedies—Chaplin, say. It recurred forcibly during the strange Elizabethan evening we were given last Tuesday week. I don't want to be tiresome, still less vindictive, but was it really a very good idea in the first place? Evidently many good minds had thought so: and I want to be scrupulously fair, not to wipe it impatiently aside as being at best now dead history itself. For such a large and elaborate charade is of course something of a social phenomenon and will probably interest a social historian of the future much as we today are interested to read of Madame de Pompadour's excursions from the Château de Versailles in order to live the rustic life in the Hermitage.

Those who have had long and expensive educations are too apt to brush aside the truly felt, if naive, new interest of those who have been less lengthily educated (let us avoid saying 'less well'). An interest in 'history and all that' is, I insist, commendable; and superior smiles are not in place, even if they are irresistible. I have found sometimes that lecturing to certain audiences you come up against not merely their great uncertainty about chronology (e.g. whether Socrates or Napoleon came 'first') but a vague romantic approach to the idea of history as being a time when ladies and gentlemen 'wore old-fashioned clothes'. In a famous case about a spiritualist *séance* a figure was materialised who was pronounced to be Mary Queen of Scots. When asked for evidence, the medium affirmed that the apparition wore 'an old-fashioned dress'!

The whole historical perspective on a popular basis is further bedevilled by a half-century of historical films. If you see, in quick succession, Mr. Clark Gable as Rasputin, Romeo, Decius Brutus, and Louis XIV (which is quite a possible sort of cinematic experience), it is easy to understand how a perspective of history may be telescoped.

Seen in this light, does not the experiment of last Tuesday week seem more valuable and dignified: less whimsical? Me, it affected much as one of those games we were allowed to play on the day before school broke up: as this term we have been all reading Milton or *Quentin Durward*, we will all, at school dinner, try to talk like that. Now and then, things got downright embarrassing for those who were watching with that sort of memory in mind. Too much of 'Mistress This' and 'Master That' and painful, anachronistic antiquities which came close to the 'Sezest thou so, varlet, sezest thou?' of the red-nosed comic in the panto.

The part of the evening which could be said to be my special concern came off not too badly.



Master Philip Harben and Mistress Jeanne Heal in 'An Evening's Diversion' on November 17

Perhaps, bewigged and bescripted as nearly all of it was, the whole long-drawn 'diversion' is spiritually the territory for my critical totterings rather than my colleague's firmer tread. I thought 'Friar Bacon and Friar Bungay' perfectly acceptable but the ballad about the Knight and the Lady—a very curious poem by the way—did not go at all well as a romping song 'with action'.

The masque, with Master Elton Hayes and so on, was much what one expected though it had not—like an earlier masque this year—the advantage of music by Vaughan Williams. That was the end: as *Radio Times* put it, 'At about this time, the diversion will be brought to an end!' Not, some tart tongues must have added, 'one ancient splitte second too soone'. But no human thing need be friendless: as I tried to suggest earlier, this evening of effort may have seemed richly rewarding to many thousands upon thousands, a whimsical window opening on to mind-stirring vistas. And at least it made something to talk about in the office next morning.



'The Shop at Sly Corner' on November 22, with Keneth Kent (right) as Descius Heiss and Ray Jackson as Archie Fellowes

It has not been a great week for drama and such. Even a Sunday night recital was absent, though absence is not keenly felt when Mr. Gerald Moore can step into the breach and regale us with tales from the Vienna and other Woods. The act put on by the Beverley Sisters, who sang in thirds most of the time and steadily in tune at that, catered for rather a different type of audience. One song, in which they clutched teddy-bears, was about seeing their mother kiss Santa Klaus under the mistletoe, and 'what a laugh it would have been, if Daddy could have seen', etc. It was rather unchildlike and not very deeply imbued with the spirit of Christmas; but singing sisters are after all to be permitted a good deal of latitude. As the presentation of a cabaret turn it was all on a reasonably smooth level of competence.

John Slater continues to 'be wanted' in the current Saturday evening serial, which I wish lasted either shorter or longer at a time. Crime came back with Edward Percy's successful 'The Shop at Sly Corner', a title which held the London bill-boards for an amazing length of time and lent itself to much cheerful metathesis (as Spooner's disease is officially called). Keneth Kent, too long absent, has made several appearances lately. He is remembered among other things as the founder of a prize at one of our dramatic academies awarded for the quality known as 'attack'. This not unnaturally is one of his own *fortes*. And he throttled his man with a terrifying pounce and held on to the death—which was in fact Wagner's 'Liebestod'; piquant background music for the kill!

PHILIP HOPE-WALLACE

Sound Broadcasting

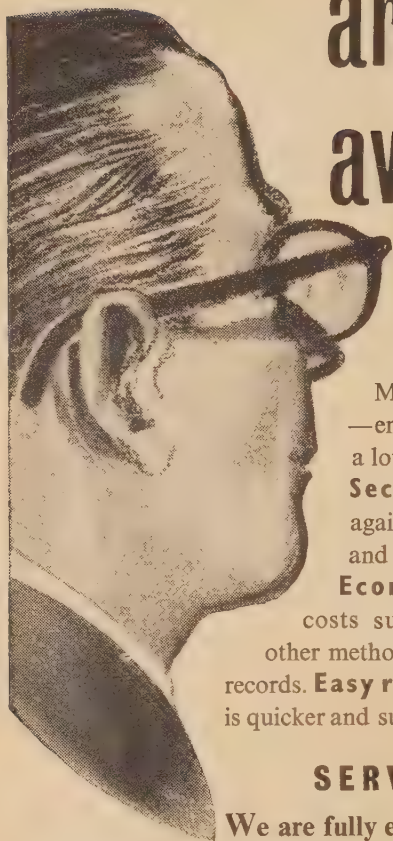
DRAMA

Taking It Seriously

NOBODY I CAN THINK OF has yet calculated the number of Letter Scenes in world drama. It would be a peaceful task for a stage-struck statistician with time to spare. Letters of vast import, letters that incriminate, letters that summon, 'letters, my lord, from Hamlet': in our minds the correspondence file opens its gently smiling jaws. Certainly a play by W. Somerset Maugham would be there: it is, very simply, 'The Letter' (Light). This is not, we gather, one of his favourite plays: he has excluded it from the collected edition. But, both on stage and radio, it remains a powerful bit of storytelling—this has always been among Maugham's best gifts in the theatre—and there is a part for a dramatic actress prepared to take the night seriously (as Googie Withers knew when she chose it for 'The Stars in Their Choices'). Naturally, the play has its letter scene, the key to a Malayan melodrama of a woman who nearly, but not quite, got away with murder ('What does this mean?'—'It means that Geoffrey Hammond was my lover'). Googie Withers, James McKechnie as her husband, and Carleton Hobbs as her lawyer, bore off a scene that there is no reason in the world for a dramatist to under-value.

As a whole, the play comes better to radio than to the theatre. For one thing, the cut-back, the reconstruction of the murder (which the woman had said was killing in self-defence) does not worry us as it does on the stage where the mechanics are obtrusive. We are conscious only that the tale has been fully told, dramatically

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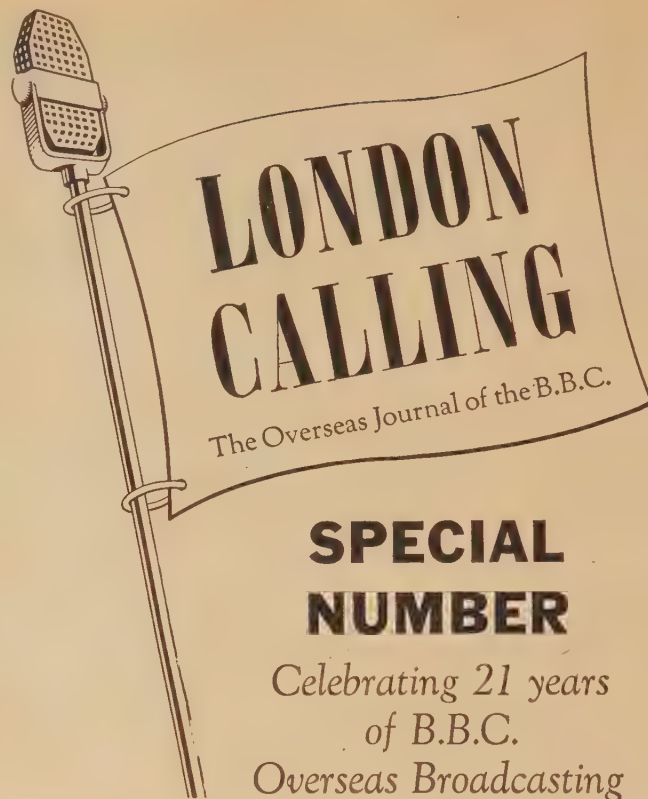
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filled out. Maugham has not probed very deeply: no doubt he regards the play as just another job of work. Even so, it seems on new acquaintance to be more telling than some of the lauded showpieces. The dramatist says what he wants to say—and stops: no more talking for talking's sake.

Raymond Raikes, who adapted and produced 'The Letter', also produced Gilbert Travers Thomas' 'SOS Pacific' (Home). Here is another melodrama, but more complex than Maugham's; it is designed for broadcasting, for the theatre of the imagination in which at one minute we are high over the Pacific on the way from Hawaii, and at the next forced down on a coral reef. The flying-boat has a mixed lot of passengers: all have something to oppress them. We can see roughly the kind of play that it will be: its people must rid themselves of the perilous stuff which weighs upon the heart. Still, we are not at all prepared for the type of danger that faces them in the Pacific. With another performance ahead, it is as much as my life is worth to explain why this particular atoll is not some romantic Bali Ha'i, some isle-that-likes-to-be-visited in the South Pacific. In fact, I can do nothing but salute a highly improbable but (on radio) taut little puzzle for earth, air, and a certain amount of water.

We have to take life very seriously indeed in Pirandello's 'All For The Best' (Third), adapted by Henry Reed. It is another of those plays in which nothing is but what is not. Some listeners had seen the late Ruggero Ruggeri in the piece early this year, and remembered his second act outburst, a storm from a grey November cloud. With George Hayes, on radio, the month was more like September; but it was a touching and, when needful, passionate study of the parent who was no parent, the man who must learn the true paternity of his 'daughter'. Although the play, another of Pirandello's mask-and-the-face bewilderments, can be tiresome, its cast (Norman Shelley and, in the first act, Vivienne Chatterton, for example) brought us through safely, and the version was tactful.

I hope the players kept properly grave during the performance of 'Triple Crown' (Light). To my ear they showed no alarm: indeed they seemed to take the business very seriously. It was a variation on 'the old snatch racket': a racehorse, in for the St. Leger, must be prevented from winning the Triple Crown. Its trainer finds himself threatened unpleasantly by a man (with a voice like a sibilant spider) who talks of 'equine aristocrats'. Few surprises here: though the dramatist was left at the post, Crusader went on to win at Doncaster. I could barely summon a shout. Maybe Terence Tiller backed the wrong horse in his feature, 'The Batchelars Banquet' (Third), a version of a work by Dekker, 'pleasantly discoursing the variable humours of women', which might well have been left in peace. 'Few men', said Mr. Tiller, 'will hear it with equanimity'. I should have liked a Petruchio to say a word to the 'sundry dames', but it was all tediously single-minded, and when somebody said 'Leave these lavish speeches', at least one listener agreed. Finally, the most recent 'Top of the Town' (Light), a mixture of leprechauns and sergeant-majors, appeared to be lower down the form than usual. Perhaps I expected too much; next time I shall take it less seriously.

J. C. TREWIN

THE SPOKEN WORD

Grand Tour

IT IS LITTLE MORE than a month since I pointed to a slight increase in serial talks as a symptom that the days of more strenuous listening were upon us and now the Reith Lectures have begun and we are up to our necks in series.

The title of this year's Reith Lectures is 'Science and the Common Understanding' and the lecturer is J. Robert Oppenheimer, a distinguished American physicist who is Director of the Institute for Advanced Study at Princeton. During the past twenty-five years scientific discoveries have transformed not only the outlook of the scientists themselves but of all thinking people, and it is the effects of this change on our intellectual, cultural, and spiritual life that Mr. Oppenheimer will discuss. It is not, I think, unfair to say, judging by the examples I have heard on the B.B.C. during the past decade or so, that when it comes to sheer unmitigated dullness on the air, our American cousins can knock us sideways—dullness, I mean, of delivery, not of material. Thus forewarned, I approached the first lecture with some timidity, well knowing that dull delivery may reach a pitch at which even the most brilliant script becomes intolerable. But at the outset I knew all was well. Mr. Oppenheimer is a fine broadcaster. He talks with a welcome leisureliness and with a varied intonation devoted solely to conveying his meaning with the greatest possible clearness. The first lecture gave the impression, too, that we were listening not merely to a distinguished scientist but to a person of great intelligence and wide culture.

'African Studies' is a series of six discussions, beginning a fortnight ago, in which Africans and British administrators discuss some of the problems which face various regions, such as Nigeria, Uganda, and Rhodesia. In the first two of these Kenneth Bradley, Director of the Imperial Institute, took the chair and Olufemi Coker, a native health visitor, spoke for Nigeria. She gave her views and experiences with admirable precision in a quiet, clear voice and with a perfect command of English. In the first programme—'Africa Is Many Places'—there were two other speakers, both men, one of them E. H. K. Mudenda, from the high country of Northern Rhodesia, the other E. G. M. Ndwula, a Bantu from Uganda. Each described briefly and vividly the physical and social features of his or her country and the problems peculiar to the place and people. The discussion, which must have been carefully and skilfully planned, was extremely interesting. So, too, was last week's discussion, 'Strength for the Job', in which there was only one speaker beside Miss Coker, namely J. Rose, a District Officer who has worked among the peasants of Basutoland. Their theme was disease and malnutrition. It may seem from this bare outline that the series will appeal only to a somewhat specialist audience, but I have found the first two discussions full of human interest.

On the Third Programme Noel Annan, under the title 'The Hedgehog and the Fox', reviewed the recently published essay by Isaiah Berlin on the sources of Tolstoy's historical scepticism. I have recently re-read *War and Peace* and suffered once again the irritation caused by those wads of crude historical theorising with which Tolstoy relentlessly blocks the flow of his narrative. Consequently I was fascinated by Mr. Annan's review and his account of Mr. Berlin's analysis of the curious anomaly in Tolstoy's nature.

The portrait of Hilaire Belloc, called 'Laughter and the Love of Friends', was a disappointment. The contributions of his six friends failed, I thought, to combine into a portrait in the round while they lacked the precision and economy of phrase which might have left the impression of a lifelike sketch. But one or two amusing anecdotes emerged which had the authentic ring. On the other hand, 'A Forbidden World' by Heinrich Harrer, author of the recently published *Seven Years in Tibet*, an impromptu, rambling, hesitant yet entirely self-possessed talk, left a clear impression not only of life in Tibet but of the personality of the

speaker. There are no wheels in Tibet, he told us, except prayer-wheels; not even bicycles. You travel on horseback or on foot, and the yak, the beast of burden, moves at two miles an hour and knocks off after three hours. In other words, there is no hurry in Tibet and plenty of time for meditation. The Tibetans knew nothing of the first world war and were unaware that the second was in progress. A most agreeable land, one would think.

MARTIN ARMSTRONG

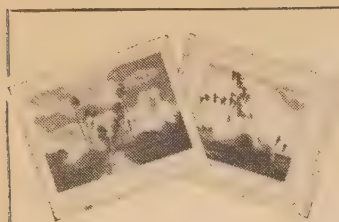
MUSIC

Miscellany

IT IS AN EXCELLENT plan, now that recording technique is so good, to give us our Bayreuth Festival on Sundays during the autumn when there is less temptation out of doors, and to spread the performances over the afternoon and evening on a day when the majority of listeners can afford the leisure to attend to them. The present practice at Covent Garden of cramming these immense dramas into an evening with only twenty-minute intervals between the acts—a practice dictated partly by the social conditions of our time and partly by the demands of the musicians—is destructive of proper attention and enjoyment. It is no use blinking the facts. These are festival works and Wagner knew exactly what he was at when he established the Bayreuth routine, allowing time for a proper meal, not a sandwich snatched between the acts.

The Bayreuth 'Tristan' was a sound, solid, sometimes stolid, performance, beautifully recorded. Astrid Varnay is not in the first rank of Isolde; her tone, though somewhat steadier than it was, still wavers unpleasantly on notes between D and F sharp on the treble stave and is rather too weak in the lowest register. And she hardly conveys to us, at least in a broadcast, the fire and rapture of her music. Vinay's 'Tristan' is, on the other hand, vocally the best I have heard for a long time, and for once the third act was not painful to listen to. But, like every other singer of the part nowadays, he misses the point, that sense of taking upon him 'the mystery of things', of the scene in the cold light of dawn at the end of Act II. Is there no one at Bayreuth who can get this accomplished singer to veil his tone and phrase the passage beginning '*O König das kann ich dir nicht sagen*' not like a school-boy who has been caught pinching the headmaster's apples, but like a man who, though his world has crumbled to dust, has perceived through its ruin mystical truths beyond the comprehension of those who have not shared his experience? A thoroughly competent Brangäne (Ira Malanuk), a splendid Kurwenal (Gustav Neidlinger), and Ludwig Weber's noble King Mark completed the cast of important personages. The sound of the orchestra was always glorious, so that Jochum's not very imaginative handling of the score earned the rewards of steadiness.

Monday of last week was 'one of those nights'. It began at seven with a concert at Birmingham, the first performance of Peter Wishart's Symphony being the focus of interest, and Kathleen Long's performance of Fauré's Ballade with the Goldsbrough Orchestra under Anthony Lewis as the most pleasurable event. I heard Miss Long's musically performance of Mozart's B flat Concerto later in the week. The new symphony, which the composer conducted, is in the light-weight class. It makes no pretensions and is scored with elegance and great technical skill. Its material seemed to me, however, too derivative from too many sources to make for that coherence which is the mark of a successful symphony. The first movement reminded one of Stravinsky; in the second there was an echo from one of Vaughan Williams'



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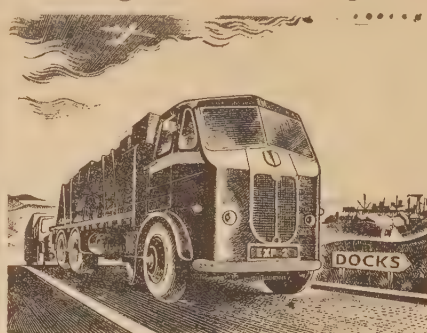
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purposeful basses, saving only that here there was less purpose in its movement; while the third movement sounded like Edward German up to date. I do not say that out of such disparate ingredients an individual style cannot be created, still less do I blame a young composer for revealing the influence of his elders. Only, these influences must be assimilated and digested before the new individuality can make itself felt.

After the symphony I transferred my attention to the Royal Concert, which anticipated by a week the patronal festival of St. Cecilia, presumably owing to the opening last Monday of the Commonwealth Tour. The programme, conducted by Sir Malcolm Sargent, was all-English and rather ill-assorted. At least, I thought that

Gordon Jacob's brilliantly scored Fantasia on popular melodies was ill-placed after the rapt beauty of Delius' 'Sea Drift' which was given a lovely performance, Hervey Alan singing the baritone solo with noble tone and a sensitive expressiveness. The Fantasia certainly made a contrast, but its jovial mood was a little too hearty in this context. Later came Rawsthorne's Second Pianoforte Concerto, a gay and well-wrought work.

Stravinsky's 'Cantata', which was given its first performance here, shows that versatile composer leaping backward through the centuries to the age of the Flemish schoolmen, and indulging in crab-wise melodies or rather melismata and canons constructed on isorhythmic principles

(about which we heard in one of the Dunstable programmes earlier in the evening) to an accompaniment which might be described as barrel-organum. Despite the devoted efforts of Arda Mandikian, Peter Pears, and the other musicians under Paul Sacher, the result seemed to me singularly jejune. At the Royal Philharmonic concert on Wednesday Sacher was able to show what a fine conductor of the classics he is in performances of Haydn's 'Imperial' Symphony and, with Dennis Brain, Mozart's Horn Concerto (K.495). He also gave excellent performances of Tippett's imaginative ballet-music from 'Midsummer Marriage' and a chunky, chugging Concerto by Martinu.

DYNELEY HUSSEY

Baghdad at Weimar

By RICHARD GORER

Cornelius' 'The Barber of Baghdad' will be broadcast at 4.50 p.m. on Sunday, November 29 (Third)

THE Barber of Baghdad' received its first performance in 1858. The performance made a fiasco, owing, it is alleged, to Liszt's enemies and possibly also to general hostility to the New German School. Subsequently this act of injustice began to weigh on the German musical conscience though, as so often happens, they waited until the composer was safely in his grave before trying to make amends, and then the opera reappeared with 'improvements' by Mottl and Levi. Unfortunately 'The Barber', tricked out with massive Wagnerian orchestration, proved somewhat dull, and it was only in 1904, thirty years after Cornelius' death, that the original score was re-performed. At once its merits were appreciated and the work has remained in the German repertory ever since. But owing to its admirable libretto—the composer's own—and the close connection between the music and the rhythm of German speech, it does not export well.

Cornelius was a modest man, but he had a realistic appreciation of his own worth. His remark that he had no intention of being the Nought after Wagner's One is well known. Less frequently quoted, but more revealing, is his observation that, although music had produced its three great tragedians, the Aristophanes had not yet appeared. 'We have not had a single purely comic composer since Dittersdorf', he wrote. Such a judgment seems to ignore such works as Weber's 'Abu Hassan', Marschner's 'Holzdieb' and 'Der Bäbu', and Nicolai's 'Merry Wives of Windsor' to say nothing of the works of Lortzing, but since their influence can be found in 'The Barber', as well as the more apparent influence of Berlioz and Halévy, we cannot suppose he was unaware of these pioneer works in German comic opera. It is curious that, holding such sentiments and having produced a masterpiece, albeit a minor one, in 'The Barber of Baghdad', Cornelius never attempted to write another comic opera. He composed a serious opera, 'Der Cid', a worthy if unexciting work, and until his death was working on another serious opera, 'Gunlöd', which, judging from the vocal score, is an improvement on 'Der Cid' but not on the level of his first opera. We know from his letters that in his youth he had sketched out several comic operas, which he intended to compose when he had acquired sufficient experience, but these were apparently abandoned. It may be that the calamitous first performance of 'The Barber' discouraged him: in which case Liszt's enemies have much to answer for.

Cornelius was a man of wide culture, although he seems to have been unsuccessful in his first

attempt at translating Berlioz' prose (according to Berlioz a reference to the Archangel Michael was translated as a reference to Michelangelo) and this fact, as so often happens with minor artists, may have militated against his development as a composer. He tended to become a Jack-of-all-trades—translator, librettist, essayist, and secretary to Liszt—and it is possible that his small output may be as much due to his varied interests as to his natural fastidiousness. Of course, his learning brought advantages as well. The libretto of 'The Barber' is one of the best comic opera libretti ever written. The opening scenes may drag slightly, but from the entry of the Barber there is not a dull moment and the second act is a gem from start to finish. Moreover, the work conveys perfectly the atmosphere of the Arabian Nights. In spite of the impression made by the Muezzin's call in Félicien David's 'Le Désert', it is questionable if anyone less well-read than Cornelius would have thought of the episode of the Muezzins, one of the most exquisite and convincing moments in the opera. Margiana and the go-between Bostana are waiting for the Cadi, Margiana's father, to leave for the mosque. The Cadi, however, has arrived with a chest of jewels from the man he intends to be Margiana's husband. He is displaying the jewels and his daughter is dutifully admiring them, though on tenterhooks for her young man to arrive. In the midst of their colloquy the voices of three muezzins are heard from the minarets calling the faithful to prayer. This is a touch that only a real poet would have thought of. It conjures up the appropriate atmosphere and makes us realise that this is not any story about Boy meeting Girl in spite of Heavy Father, but a specific story set in a Mohammedan milieu.

At the same time, like so many felicitous touches in German opera, it is ineffective at a first encounter. It would seem to be a general article of belief among German romantic composers that no one ever sees their operas for the first time. As far back as 'Der Freischütz', just as Max is descending the Wolf's Glen an elderly lady appears in a transparency and waves him back. It is subsequently made clear that she is the spirit of Max's mother, but at the moment of her appearance she could equally well be Agathe's dresser so far as the audience is aware. In the same way in 'The Barber', Margiana, Bostana, and the Cadi are singing a trio that comes to a close and then a bass voice is heard singing off-stage, followed by two tenors; all three are meant to be some distance away. The words they sing are 'Allah ist gross und Mahomet sein prophet', and there are pseudo-

oriental melismata on the words 'Allah' and 'Mahomet'. This means that the words are not going to come through very clearly and the uninstructed auditor is going to miss the significance of this part of the opera. This, of course, does not invalidate the charm of Cornelius' invention to those who realise that the voices are those of muezzins. A more recent example of what would appear to be a specific German trait is the unexplained arrival of the Princess in the third act of 'Der Rosenkavalier'.

Musically 'The Barber' tends to fall between two stools. The melodic line is predominantly diatonic, while the harmonies tend to be chromatic, sometimes excessively so. It is interesting to compare the opera with another minor masterpiece, Goetz' 'Taming of the Shrew' (composed circa 1870, produced 1874). Now it is possible to say that Goetz' melodies are too square-cut: the work has none of the rhythmic interest of 'The Barber', but melody and harmony are homogeneous. The harmony of Cornelius is more interesting but, by and large, Goetz' total effect is more satisfactory. Neither composer is a great melodist, but Cornelius is aware of this and tries to disguise the fact by harmonic and instrumental subtleties; Goetz relies on pastiche. His melodies are of the *déjà entendu* type. He is not a plagiarist, but he seems to have a retentive memory. Cornelius usually managed to produce at least one good tune for each opera: the march in 'Der Cid' and the duet 'Wenn zum Gebet' in 'The Barber'.

As far as the rest of the opera is concerned, there is rather an excessive amount of ascending and descending chromatic scale passages and many, too many, sequences, though they are treated with considerable brilliance. Often what were intended to be melodic highlights fail to come off. The Barber's aria 'Bin Akademiker, Doktor und Chemiker' has not the musical equivalent of the sparkling words; it is a rather poor *buffo* aria. Like so many of Cornelius' melodies (that of Margiana's aria at the opening of Act 2 is another example) it starts well, but then invention flags and chromatic scales are called in as a *pis-aller*. Fortunately for the best scene of the opera—the ensemble from the Barber's entry in Act 2—melody is of less importance than harmony and counterpoint. The enormous row, with everyone at cross-purposes and more and more people coming in, is one of the most comical scenes in all opera and it is doubtful if it could have been set better. Indeed, the whole of the second act is full of charm despite some melodic shortcomings. The first act has its longueurs.



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For the Housewife

Golden Rules for Washing Woollens

By PEGGY FURSE

MANY of my friends who are really good at washing and ironing generally seem to get into difficulties when washing woollens. Shrinking and felting is the most common trouble, I think. Now that we can once again buy both wool and woollen garments that are shrink-resisting (and we ought to insist on this when buying woollens), this trouble should become less common, but the usual cause is too much rubbing and using water that is too hot. It can also happen through wearing the garment too long before washing. Did you know that more socks are shrunk and felted on the feet than in the wash-tub? If socks are washed frequently it will check this felting process, and the socks will wear much longer.

Next there is the problem of the coloured woolly that goes streaky. This happens when the coloured dye has been loosened somehow—most likely by washing in too-hot water. Then, perhaps, the garment is hung up to dry in rather an over-wet condition and the moisture will carry the loose dye down the garment with horrible streaky results. The running of coloured stripes or patterns into one another is usually caused in this way.

The best way to avoid all these troubles is, first of all, to use lukewarm water for washing and rinsing, whether you are washing pure wool, a mixture of cotton and wool, or nylon. To get the best results you need to keep woollens at the same temperature for washing, rinsing, and drying, and that is lukewarm—the same as baby's

bath. This is really important. If you use hotter water you run the risk of colours running and white woollies yellowing. Woollies should not be dried in front of a fire or over hot pipes, either—just leave them in a warm, airy place. It is rather a slow business this time of year, but the results are worth it.

The next point to remember is to wash woollies gently, just gentle squeezing, no pounding around in the wash-tub or rubbing. Wool is really fussy about the way you handle it, and any tough treatment makes it shrink up in protest.

Probably some of you will be wondering how on earth you can get things clean if you use only lukewarm water and do not rub. First of all, it is best not to let a woolly garment get more than just grubby before you wash it, but sometimes I know you are bound to be faced with a really dirty football sweater or something like that. The best way to deal with it is to give it two washes with a rinse in between—still using only lukewarm suds. Two short, gentle washes are kinder to the garment than one long one, though rather more tiresome for you.

Finally, it is very important to get out all the moisture you can before drying woollies, and a wringer with rubber rollers is ideal for this. But if you have not a wringer, roll the garment up in a clean, dry towel, and pat out all the moisture you can. Twisting woollies by hand to get the water out, comes under the heading of rough treatment. If you are washing a hand-knitted or coloured garment or any very delicate

lacy woollen, it is best to lay it flat to dry, to avoid stretching or the running of any loose colour. Then you can smooth it into shape and it should not need any pressing when it is dry.

If the ribbing of the welt or cuffs has got out of shape, run a tacking thread through and pull it up when you lay the garment out to dry and you will find the ribbing will tighten up again.

In short, gentle treatment all the time; keep at lukewarm temperature, remove all possible moisture before drying, and dry hand-knitted and coloured woollies flat.—Home Service

Notes on Contributors

THEODORE SEALY (page 889): editor of the *Daily Gleaner* and other Jamaican newspapers

GEOFFREY TYSON (page 890): Secretary, India, Pakistan, Burma Association; editor of *Capital*, Calcutta, 1932-1952; Member, Indian Legislative Assembly 1944-47; author of *The Bengal Chamber of Commerce, a Centenary Survey*, *Forgotten Frontier*, *Danger in India*

EDWARD SARMIENTO (page 899): Reader in Spanish, King's College, Newcastle upon Tyne

MARY MCCARTHY (page 901): American novelist; author of *Cast a Cold Eye* (short stories), *The Groves of Academe* (novel), etc.

HELEN RAPP (page 903): lecturer in Russian, Oxford University

Crossword No. 1,230.

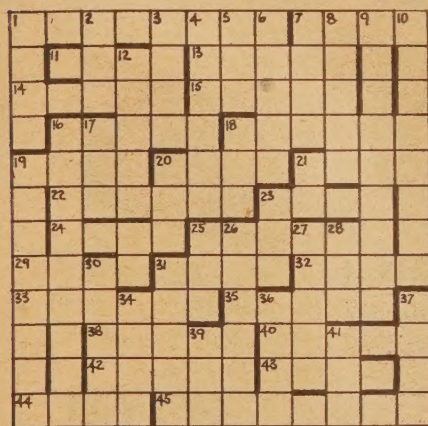
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By Pipeg

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Closing date: First post on Thursday, December 3

The clues marked **D** are 'devilish' i.e., a number of letters, which form the light, have been omitted. E.g.: 'By nature, wit and stealth he gained his end (7)'—the light is **SMOTHER**. When this is inserted in its proper place it gives 'By nature's mother-wit and . . . Liberties have been taken with punctuation, capital letters, and grouping, but the order of the letters has not been changed. The other clues are normal.



NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

CLUES—ACROSS

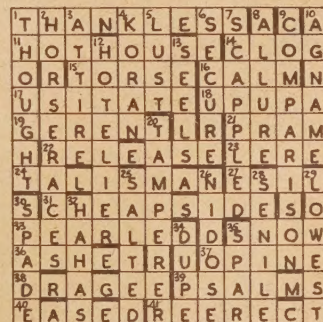
1. At the top of the flight, aloft, I can be among the stars (8).
- 7D. Sikes did the safe from all prying eyes (4).
- 11D. Try I, Berry for grand coffee; most reasonable in town (4).
- 13D. Farmer suffers loss of sheep. Coon is suspected (5).
- 14D. How horrid! It was mater with aloes (5).
- 15D. Now rogues or sharks are caught in the net (5).
- 16D. It's hard to keep in your gray stoneware (5).
- 18D. Books in divinity calm one (6).
19. He gave his name to a famous Classical Library (4).
- 20D. We give a pen to clerks after long service (4).
- 21D. The printed passages from the missal (4).
- 22D. Look you! Rum! It will save your life (6).
- 23D. We have a new shop—keen business here now (4).
- 24D. Reprimanded for wearing an undress uniform (4).
- 25D. Some of the lesson, boys played this game (6).
- 29D. In moult, birds' feathers fall out (4).
- 31D. In our car, lights are useless (4).
- 32D. He fell in thy ditch, Mr. Fox (4).
- 33D. Use pleasing words in the poems (6).
- 35D. Hydrophobia, and rare diseases associated with dogs (5).
- 38D. The mate of the cows bellows loudly, then falls (5).
40. Kind of wit for a low story? (5).
- 42D. He caught the plane days ago (5).
- 43D. A chill? A fur will keep you warm (4).
- 44D. You see fine rations in this hospital (4).
- 45D. Army reports that amounts paid in bars are too high (8).

DOWN

- 1D. We cannot expect sense from yonder Head (4).
2. Sorceress starts as a close ally (3).
- 3D. You'll find them cheap, useful for making varnish (4).
- 4D. Cape, for skating, has a smooth surface (6).
- 5D. When you come, we appreciate your pence (3).
- 6D. A crime I committed against the law (5).
- 7D. This is hot! Rates and taxes cripple us (4).
- 8D. An excavator scoops up the soil in Avonmouth (5).
9. Gas starts this trouble—inflammation it is in the end (9).
10. A luminous beam from the sun, or from a mere star perhaps (8).
- 12D. The officer gives the orders; they said the private (5).
16. Sustained distress signal and ten do nothing (9).
- 17D. Men come to get her in the sports field (3).
18. Usually precedes a fabulous bird in nursery parlance (3).
19. Old port in confusion on the coast of Canada (8).

- 20D. Bring Paul along, if there in time (3).
- 22D. The barman cans up a man with beer (3).
- 25D. Ay; he was a little fellow oncel (3).
26. Having no stomach, the holy man goes away, leaving the mushroom (6).
- 27D. There's no cash for the tiler (5).
- 28D. We think such a thought to be popular (3).
- 30D. In rags, having coped with ruffians in a brawl (5).
- 31D. The order was 'Out the enemy' (5).
- 34D. You can hear his gas; he speaks in the Upper House (4).
- 36D. You need some in gold, man! (4).
- 37D. A tar is 'omesick; soldiers died of typhus (4).
- 39D. This is the table; put melon here (3).
- 41D. A study of the human is for medical students (3).

Solution of No. 1,228



NOTES

A and B words:

Across: th-INNES-s, ho-I-se, c-AKIN-g, t-RAVER-se, c-OR-m, us-TULA-te, u-RE-a, ge-IS-t, p-ASH-m, re-SPIT-e, l-EVE-e, t-REEFER-n, c-NAME-l, c-AND-de, p-LANK-ed, s-HALLO-w, a-VOCE-t, o-VAT-e, d-ROWS-c, p-ROE-ms, e-CLIPS-ed, re-A-ct.

Down: t-ORPEN-t, hor-MON-es, at-HEN-e, k-AET-an, l-ARIA-t, s-SAN-I-e, sc-REE-d, all-WIS-e, com-MUNI-on, agn-AT-e, hot-T-er, s-TILT-s, t-HALE-t, s-FORT-ed, n-OUR-se, sc-RAP-e, l-AS-t, s-EMIT-e, h-EARTH-s, d-EPOS-c, s-PENCE-r.

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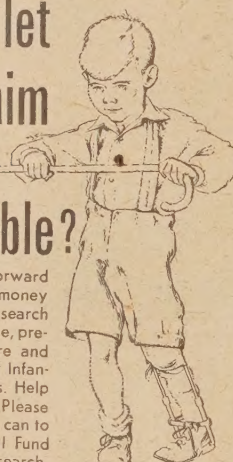
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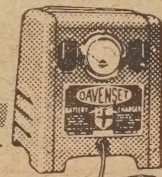
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